

NEW CLUES IN CHELSEA AND TRAIN MYSTERIES

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

INQUEST ON MISS SHORE: WORKED AS A NURSE IN FRANCE



Florence Nightingale Shore. She was a relative and god-daughter of "The Lady of the Lamp."



Norton Hall, Sheffield; where Miss Shore was born. Her father, Mr. Offley Smith, formerly lived there, but it was taken over during the war as R.A.F. headquarters, while the park was converted into an aerodrome.



How the suspect is supposed to have left the train at Lewes. Inset, the guard.



Miss Shore to the right between two officers near Rouen.

The inquest on Miss Shore, who was found unconscious in a train at Bexhill, and who subsequently died, was opened at Hastings yesterday. Miss Rogers, her bosom friend, gave evidence of identification, and told of the departure of Miss Shore from Victoria.

The photograph, showing the deceased lady with a group of officers, was taken near Rouen during the war, when she was working as a sister with the 19th Ambulance train. She also nursed in the hospitals. For report of inquest see page 8.

FIVE-HOURS PITCHED BATTLE IN IRELAND.

Sinn Fein Force Attacks Police Barracks at Drombane.

DYNAMITE ATTEMPT.

Reinforcements Cut Their Way Through Barricades.

A five-hours pitched battle between police and a Sinn Fein force of 150 to 200 is reported from Drombane, a village in Mid-Tipperary.

Drombane Village Hall has been occupied as a constabulary barracks for about twelve months, and shortly before nine o'clock on Sunday night, when there were thirteen men in the building, under Sergeant O'Shea, there was a sudden fusillade of rifle shots.

The police rushed to their stations and returned the fire, and a fierce conflict ensued. During the fight an unsuccessful attempt was made to blow up the barracks with dynamite. The explosion, however, cracked the gable, part of the roof was blown away and a stove inside driven into the middle of the floor.

CUT A WAY THERE.

The besieged received reinforcements of police and military about two yesterday morning, but before their arrival the attackers had dispersed, leaving no trace.

The reinforcements from Tipperary, Cashel, Templemore and Thurles found every road blocked by huge trees, and several contingents were considerably delayed.

The Cashel and Tipperary reinforcements were provided with criss cuts and hatchets, and hewed a way through for their wagons.

Labour Mission to Ireland.—The delegation of the Parliamentary Labour Party arrived last night in Ireland to study at first hand the conditions prevailing there. Mr. Arthur Henderson heads the delegation.

£500,000 for Sinn Fein.—A Reuter's New York telegram reports that at a meeting there on Sunday, De Valera, the "Irish President," announced the receipt of "best wishes" from the Governor of New York and the subscription in that city of £500,000 to the Sinn Fein Loan.

SINGER WHO WAS KISSED.

Court Story of Theatre Incident in Action by Music Teacher.

In an action yesterday at Westminster County Court, to recover £24 10s. for musical training, brought by Mrs. C. W. Wallis, teacher of music, Bond-street, W., against I. Montgomery, of Westminster, and his daughter Dorothy, in respect of whose training the action was brought, the latter, who is twenty-two years of age, stated in evidence that she was "terrified" of the plaintiff from the first time.

"On one occasion," she said in explanation, "when in a room at a theatre a man kissed her several times against her will."

In giving judgment for the plaintiff for the full amount, claimed against both defendants, his Honour said it was outrageous that the kissing incident should have been relied upon by the daughter for an attack on plaintiff.

BALCONY WINDOW DRAMA.

Young Waiter Charged with Burglary and with Stabbing Householder.

Marco Ubaldi, an Italian waiter, aged seventeen, employed at the Carlton Hotel, was remanded at Lambeth yesterday on a charge of burglariously entering 3, Durand-gardens, Stockwell, and also with stabbing Eugene Garrone, another Italian, living at the address.

Detective-Sergeant Jones said that about 6 a.m. on Sunday he saw Garrone suffering from stab wounds in the back, neck and head. He found indications of an attempt to force the wardrobe door.

He afterwards searched the bedroom occupied by the prisoner in Church-street, Soho. Here clothing stained with blood was found. When shown the blood-stained clothes, Ubaldi said, "They are mine."

In answer to the charge at the station, said the detective, prisoner replied in Italian, "Not in the head. Quite right. I passed through Durand-gardens and got in through the balcony window. I do not rob the place."

CHEAPER CLOTHING SOON?

That the present high prices for clothing were certain to fall was the dictum of Sir Rowland Barran, chairman of John Barran and Sons, Limited, wholesale clothiers, at Leeds, yesterday.

"I don't think," he added, "they will fall in the next few months, and it is unwise to prophesy when the fall will come, but it is certain to come before long."

WRONG MEDICINE BOTTLE TRAGEDY.

He was in the habit of taking medicine between meals, said a witness at the inquest at Oswestry yesterday on Mr. H. Titus Wakelam, county surveyor and engineer for Middlesex. He had placed a bottle on a shelf with other bottles, and by mistake picked up a bottle containing spirits of salts.

Verdict: Accidental Death.

THE POSTER MAN.

Mr. J. B. Dunlop 'Annoyed by What He Says Is Placard "Pop."

WHITE HAT AND EYEGLASS

Mr. John B. Dunlop, the inventor of the famous tyre, was in the Dublin Chancery Division yesterday granted liberty to issue a writ and serve it out of jurisdiction on the Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd.

Counsel said the action was being brought by Mr. Dunlop for an injunction to restrain the company from printing, publishing or exhibiting in Ireland any advertisements, placards or circulars containing pictures representing him in absurd or unsuitable costumes or attitude.

Counsel referred to an affidavit made by Mr. Dunlop in which the latter referred to one picture which had been used as that of a very tall man dressed in an exaggeratedly foppish manner, wearing a tall white hat, white waistcoat and carrying a cane and eyeglass, "none of which it was his custom to wear or carry."

Plaintiff added that the picture had given very great annoyance to him and his relatives, almost all of whom reside in Ireland. He is seventy-nine years of age, and the state of his health would render it inconvenient for him to travel to England as a witness.

LADY ASTOR, M.P. FINED.

First Woman Member of Parliament to Pay £3 for Motor-Car Offences.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MALDENHEAD, Monday.

Lady Astor, our first woman M.P., was fined £2 at Maidenhead yesterday for obstructing a motor car on a public highway. She was in a motor car on Christmas Eve, and was also fined £1 for failing to produce her licence.

Her ladyship was shopping on Christmas Eve, and a police-constable alleged that the car was left for forty minutes.

The constable stated that when he spoke to Lady Astor she replied, "I should be warned we could not leave our cars." Lady Astor did not appear in court, but was represented by a solicitor.

LINER IN TOW.

Powhatan's Passengers Suffering from Cold—Transfer Not Possible.

Boston, Monday.

A wireless message received here states that the Powhatan is being towed to Halifax by the Cedric.—Central News.

HALIFAX, Monday.

The passengers are in no immediate danger, but are suffering from the cold, the heating system having apparently broken down. The sea conditions have not improved, and the immediate transfer of the passengers is not considered advisable.—Reuter.

Earlier messages had stated that the Powhatan was in danger of sinking. The White Star liner Cedric was standing by, and was expected to take off the 500 passengers when the weather permitted.

RISK TENANTS TAKE.

Judge and Fallen Mantelpiece—Family of Ten Problem.

The housing shortage and the obligations of landlords were referred to in court cases yesterday.

A claim against a landlady for damages for two marble clocks and other ornaments caused by the fall of two mantelpieces. The Judge found for the landlady.

The obligation imposed upon landlords, he said, did not extend so far as making good such matters as mantelpieces, which were only matters of ornament, and not affecting the apartments from the habitable standpoint.

"People with ten children never are desirable tenants," said the Judge at Southwark County Court.

WOMAN'S FUR COAT FOR AIRMAN.

The condition of Captain Picknet, the French airman who crashed at Dover after a Channel flight, is improving. He owes his life to the prompt action of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Manden, who went to his aid when the plane caught fire. The General tore off the airman's blazing clothes and Mrs. Manden gave him her fur coat.

£170 FROM SHILLING STAKE.

A total of £140 in fines was inflicted on six Chinamen at the Thames Police Court yesterday for keeping and managing a gaming house in Pennyfields, Poplar. It was stated that it was possible for a player at the game—"Puck-a-pu"—to win £170 with a shilling stake.

MOTHER'S DEVOTION

Gave Her Blood in Attempt to Save Son's Life.

THIRD BROTHER TO DIE.

How a devoted mother gave her blood in an unsuccessful attempt to save her son's life was told at the inquest at Islington yesterday on George William Bidwell, aged twenty, of Woodside Park-road, North Finchley. (Photographs page 16.)

Bidwell, about two months ago, had a tooth extracted, after which he bled freely and had to be medically treated.

On the 7th inst. he had three more teeth, which were in a septic condition, removed.

His condition becoming serious, blood was transfused into him on Monday from his mother, and there was a momentary improvement, but the bleeding continued.

He gradually grew worse and died on Thursday. Death by Misadventure was returned.

It was stated that two of his brothers died from hemorrhage.

THE NEW "EXCHEQUERS."

Terms of Bank of England Issue—Post Office Issue to Follow.

From Our City Correspondent.

THE CITY, Monday.

The only new point in connection with the new Government loan that is disclosed in the prospectus of the Bank of England issue is that bonds will be issued for £50 or any multiples of £50.

The bonds will bear 5½ per cent. per annum interest, paid half-yearly, on February 1 and August 1. All bonds will be repayable at £100 per cent., which is also their issue price, but any holder may give notice during January in 1921, 1922 or 1923 requiring repayment on February 1 in the following year.

Holders of existing Exchequer Bonds due February 16, March 24 and December 1 next are given the option of conversion on favourable terms.

There is also a Post Office issue, the only difference, apparently, being that applications may be made in this case for £5 bonds.

BANNED FILM'S FATE.

Police Considering Refusal to Allow "Auction of Souls" to Be Screened.

An unexpected and dramatic development has followed the decision of the League of Nations Union to show the film, "The Auction of Souls," at the Albert Hall for three weeks, beginning on Monday next.

One of the officials of the League informed *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that Scotland Yard had intervened and forbidden the public production of the film.

The film is based upon the recent report made by Viscount Bryce to the Allied Governments upon the Turkish outrages on the Armenians from 1915 onwards, when 500,000 Christians were driven out of their homes to die.

The police are now reconsidering as to whether or not they will permit its exhibition, and the League of Nations Union will be entirely governed by their decision in the matter.

DRAMA IN A KITCHEN.

Inquest Story of a Struggle—Constable Counters with His Staff.

The inquest on Mrs. Anna Maria Wilson, aged forty-five, who was found dead in her house at Kirkstall-road, Leeds, with wounds in her throat and head, was yesterday adjourned until February 1.

Mrs. Wilson lived apart from her husband, an ex-soldier, who is under arrest, but is in hospital suffering from injuries to his throat. Annie Hargreaves, Mrs. Wilson's daughter by her first marriage, said that in the kitchen she tried to pull her stepfather away from her mother and then banged him on the head with a picture, but with no good.

Constable Russell said when he arrived Wilson struck at him with a knife. Witness replied with his staff and Wilson fell back.

PRISONERS' PENSIONS SAFEGUARDED.

The Minister of Pensions has directed that in future, except in cases of conviction for treason, the pension of a man will be restored to him immediately on his release from imprisonment, without any probationary period.

During imprisonment, involving forfeiture, whatever the offence, the man's pension will be suspended, but the allowances for his wife and children will be continued.

£1,000 FINE.

In the King's Bench yesterday, in the writ of attachment directed against the *Empire News*, Ltd. of Manchester, arising out of the offences to the St. Annes sandhills tragedy, a fine of £1,000 was inflicted, £500 to be paid by the editor and £500 by the proprietors, both to pay costs.

Two German women stowaways were discovered on arrival at Methil, in the Firth of Forth, of an American steamer, Rockaway Park. They were sent to London for deportation.

BAR TO INNOCENT IN DIVORCE.

Should Clergy Prohibit Their Remarriage in Church?

A HARSH RULING.

Should the innocent party in a divorce case be entitled to re-marry in the Church?

This important question has once again been raised.

The Bishop of Rochester has refused to give his consent to the marriage between a man who divorced his wife on the grounds of infidelity and a woman whose parents desire the marriage to be solemnized in the Church of England and not at a registrar office.

"The Church has its laws, and those who break them must suffer the penalty," said the Rev. Arnold Pinckney, secretary of the English Church Union, to *The Daily Mirror*.

"Of course, there are hard cases, and this may be one of them."

"The laws of the Church stand for the good of the mother, the father and the child. If a man belongs to a club and does not comply with its by-laws, then he is requested to leave that club. The same thing applies to the Church."

It seems an iniquity that the innocent person in divorce should not be allowed to marry in the Church.

So said Mrs. Seaton Tiedeman, secretary of the Divorce Law Reform Association to *The Daily Mirror*.

"The time has come when civil marriage should be a dignified ceremony, performed before the mayor, as it is on the Continent."

"There are still certain churches in London where divorced persons can marry, and the enlightened clergymen being of the opinion that such persons must not be driven out of the Church."

A TELL-TALE LETTER.

Story of Husband's Discovery on Unexpected Return from France.

A decree of divorce, with costs, was yesterday granted to Henry W. Gordon Hignett, a major in the R.A.F., on the ground of the misconduct of his wife Alice with another airman named William Henry Chatham. There was no doubt of the truth of the charges.

Petitioner said he returned from France in December, 1917, to Southwold Mansions, Maida Vale, unexpectedly, and found his wife out, but on the table was an open letter from the respondent, whom he knew.

He told his wife about the letter, but she was defiant. He made many efforts to get her to give Chatham up, but she became hysterical.

2 KILLED BY MOTOR-CAR.

Man and Woman's Fate at Battersea—Two Children Badly Hurt.

A man and woman, both belonging to Battersea, were killed in a motor accident at Hounslow, it was reported yesterday.

A private car, which was proceeding along the Staines-road, ran into a party of people consisting of Mark Edginton, twenty-nine, of Latchmere-street, Battersea, and Alice Harding, twenty-five, of Stammer-street, Battersea, and Mr. Edginton's two children. The man and the woman were killed instantly, while the children were knocked down and injured and had to be removed to Hounslow Hospital.

Mr. M. Edginton

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Weather Forecast.—Wind west of north-west, moderate or fresh; moderate amount of low cloud, local sleet, fair to good, cold.

The Earl of Midleton is the new title which Lord Middleton will assume.

A Dutch loan to Germany of over £16,000,000 for ten years is on the point of conclusion.—Reuter.

Thieves in a motor-car broke into the premises of Mr. Barnard, of Stonehouse, Reigate, and stole cigars worth £100.

For knocking down a referee, Alfred Rayner, a Queenborough football player, was fined £4 yesterday at Sittingbourne.

Pioneer of "No Hat" Crusade.—Canon Gregory Smith, pioneer of the "no hat" crusade, has just died at Woking, aged ninety-three.

Out of 17 applicants, Captain Pickford, who has seen such war service, has been appointed Food Executive Officer for Lewisham at £250 a year.

Mine Disaster.—A cage containing a score of miners crashed down a 1,200-ft. shaft at the Llanfrynog mine, Llanfrynog, yesterday, through the breaking of the drum axle.—Reuter.

U.S. Machinery for Allies.—The United States War Finance Corporation has given £2,000,000 additional credit for machinery to England, France, Italy and Belgium.—Exchange.

IMPORANT NEW CLUES IN TWO MURDER MYSTERIES SECRET OF TRADING

Story at Miss Shore's Inquest of Man Who Entered Carriage at Victoria.

CHELSEA LANDLADY'S TWO ASSAILANTS.

Scotland Yard detectives are engaged in unravelling two of the most baffling crime mysteries of modern times—the murder of Mrs. Frances Buxton, landlady of the Cross Keys Inn, Lawrence-street, Chelsea, and the mystery which envelops the murder of Miss Shore, a nurse, in the London-Hastings train.

At the inquest on Miss Shore, Miss Rogers, her friend, told her story for the first time of the man who jumped into the carriage at Victoria before the train started.

NURSE ATTACKED WITH LIFE PRESERVER

"Small Army of Detectives" Unravelling Mystery.

MISSING DIAMOND RING.

From Our Special Correspondent.

A week has now elapsed since Miss Florence Nightingale Shore, the former Army nurse, was murdered in a train on the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, between Victoria and Lewes, and, although the efforts of a small army of detectives, the assailant is still at large.

Although the crime is enveloped in the deepest mystery, and those engaged in the man hunt have but few clues to help them, the police, I am assured, are not without hope that they will ultimately run their quarry to earth. The inquest on the dead woman was opened this evening at the East Sussex Hospital here, before Mr. Coroner Glenister. Only formal evidence of identification was taken, and the inquiry was then adjourned until February 4.

The coroner, the jury and representatives of the railway company expressed sympathy with Miss Shore's relatives in their bereavement. "A noble woman, whom we could ill afford to lose," was the coroner's description.

NURSE SHORE'S FRIEND.

A Pathetic Figure at the Inquest—Last to See Her Alive.

Miss Mabel Rogers, the matron of Carnforth Nursing Home, Hammersmith, for twenty-six years Miss Shore's devoted friend, and who saw her off on the fatal journey, was a pathetic witness. This tall, grey-haired lady, with a pallid face, was assisted in and out of the room by a nurse.

Describing the start of the fatal train ride, Miss Rogers said they arrived at Victoria Station about three o'clock, the train, an express between Victoria and Lewes, being due to depart at twenty minutes past three.

The witness said that she selected the carriage in which Miss Shore travelled—an empty non-smoking compartment, which was the first compartment in the last carriage but one.

"I remained in the compartment talking to her," said the witness, "until just before the train was due out, when a man got in. The man closed the door, but I opened it again and got out."

The man was a perfect stranger to us both. There was no one else in the compartment when the train left the station."

The inquest was adjourned.

"MAN IN BROWN SUIT."

Did Passenger Who Rode with Miss Shore Leave Train at Lewes?

From inquiries I have made I learn that the post-mortem examination, which was carried out by Dr. Spilsbury, suggested that the weapon with which Miss Shore was attacked was a blunt, but heavy instrument of the type known as "hit" preservers.

It is now clear that the assailant's object was robbery. The two facts lead the detectives working under Inspector Haigh, of Scotland Yard, to believe that the man who killed Florence Nightingale Shore was a professional criminal.

From clues which are now in possession of the police it would seem possible that the young man in a brown suit seen to step off the foot-board of the Hastings train at Lewes on the afternoon of the tragedy answered in some respects the description of the stranger who rode with Miss Shore on what proved to be her journey to death.

I understand that the theory that the assailant after leaving the train at Lewes "doubled back" to London does not find general acceptance. The detectives have other surmises, which are being carefully tested.

The missing jewellery may provide a most valuable clue.

Among the things which the detectives are anxious to trace is an old-fashioned diamond

ring, the shank of which has rolled edges. The diamonds are in the shape of a small circle and the centre stone is cut.

A gold wristlet watch with a lattice wristlet is also missing.

Another clue which is being followed up is a £1 Treasury note bearing a brown stain which may be blood. The note was handed over the counter of the Royal Oak Hotel, Lewes, last Tuesday night by a man who is said to answer the description of the "man in brown."

The Dover police have detained a man who, it is said, had fled from London with the intention of proceeding to Ostend. Miss Rogers' friend of Miss Shore, will visit Dover to see if she can identify the man.

The funeral service for Miss Shore will be held at St. Saviour's Church, Ealing, at 2.30 to-day.

CHELSEA MURDER.

Robbery Motive of Two Men—Missing Jewels and Finger Prints.

The latest developments of the Chelsea murder mystery are:—

Robbery was the motive of the crime. Important finger-print clues have been discovered by the police.

A quantity of jewellery belonging to the dead woman is missing.

The man who was detained at Chelsea yesterday morning in connection with the murder was able to furnish the police with an account of his movements on Saturday. These proved satisfactory and he was released.

The missing jewellery includes:—Diamond crescent brooch. Star-shaped brooch.

Gold watch ring with diamond setting. Plain gold ring. Antique silver ring.

It is understood that two men, one apparently about fifty years of age and the other much younger, were seen in the vicinity of the Cross Keys towards closing time on Saturday night.

A description of these two men is stated to be in the hands of the police.

It is also suggested that the crime was premeditated by some person or persons who knew that savdust and other inflammable materials were stored in the cellars, and imagined that it would be possible to destroy the house by fire and with it all evidences of the crime.

Dramatic developments are expected from the clues which the police are engaged on.

The inquest on Mrs. Buxton has been fixed for this morning.

Following an appeal to customers, Scotland Yard has succeeded in tracing nearly all the people who were in the Cross Keys on Saturday evening.

There is one man, however, who is described as about 5ft. in height, wearing a dark overcoat, and a regular customer, who was not in the bar on Saturday night, and who has not been seen since. The police are anxious for particulars of this man.

"TORPEDOED" NOTES—10s. FOR £144.

Littlehampton magistrates yesterday sentenced a discharged soldier, named William Henry Randall, to two months' hard labour for feloniously receiving Indian currency notes value £144. The notes formed part of a consignment of 2,000,000 lost from the liner Searait, torpedoed off the Sussex coast in the summer of 1913, and prisoner, who said he gave 10s. for them, had negotiated them through the medium of a friend in India.

PRINCE AND MR. ASQUITH.

The Court Circular from St. James' Palace announces that the Prince of Wales had luncheon with Mr. Asquith and Mrs. Asquith yesterday.

The Prince will probably leave for his trip to the Antipodes about March 15 and will return via Canada, so that he may visit his ranch at Alberta.

A large portion of Barry Docks was rendered idle yesterday owing to the workmen striking because two of their number were non-unionists.



Sir William Lamond, who has been appointed Governor of Tasmania.



Sir F. A. N. Newdegate, who has been appointed Governor of Western Australia.

WILL EX-KAISER OFFER HIMSELF FOR TRIAL?

Holland's Straight Hint to American Refugee to "Quit."

A dispatch from The Hague to the *Libre Belgique*, says Reuter, states:—

"The official announcement of the Allies' demand for the extradition of the ex-Kaiser has caused lively emotion in all circles."

"The Premier had an interview with the Foreign Minister, M. van Karnebeck, while the German Naval Attaché had a long conversation with the Chef-de-Cabinet of the Foreign Ministry."

It is learnt from a good source that representations have been made to the ex-Kaiser that he should offer himself voluntarily to the Allies.

STATUTES FOR DIRECTORS.

Lord Knutsford Attends Higher Fares • Protest Meeting at Ealing.

"What makes you angry is the crowded trains and the strap-hanging. I never go in a train but I curse the directors and everyone connected with the railway."

Thus Lord Knutsford, director of the Underground Railways, at Ealing last evening, when he attended a protest meeting against the proposal to seek power to increase the Underground fares.

The Mayor of Ealing (Councillor A. W. Bradford) declared that the time for increasing the fares was inopportune, seeing that so many thousands of people struggled and panted morning and night to travel to and from the City.

Lord Knutsford said that instead of being blamed, he thought the directors should have statutes erected to them at every street corner. He declared that the low dividends paid by the tube railways absolutely prevented any extension of the tubes. It was impossible to get railway carriages or buses built or even repaired, he added.

VISCOUNT GREY.

Asked to Become First President of League of Nations.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, Monday.

It is understood that Viscount Grey of Falton has been offered the Presidency of the League of Nations.

[His appointment was first foreshadowed by *The Daily Mirror*.]

FRANCE'S NEW CABINET.

M. Millerand, the French Premier, Completes His Ministry.

M. Millerand, as Premier and Foreign Minister, has, says the Exchange, formed his Cabinet as follows:—

Justice—M. Lippéan. Agriculture—M. Ricard. War—M. A. Lefevre. Colonies—M. Sarraut. Marine—M. Landry. Labour—M. Jourdan. Finance—M. Marshall. Health—M. Breton. Commerce—M. Isaac.

M. Honnorat will be Minister of Public Instruction and M. Deschamps Post and Telegraphs Minister.

COAL A GILT-EDGED SECURITY?

The scheme for the nationalisation of the mines must succeed, said Mr. William Brace, at York last night.

He was prepared to see the mine-owners paid a fair and even generous price, but it must be fixed by an impartial tribunal, and when the investor in coal mines exchanged his speculative investment for a certain security he must be content to receive the same return on his investment as he received on other Government securities.

JUGO-SLAVS TO ANSWER TO-DAY.

PARIS, Monday.

Signor Nitti officially announces that if the Jugo-Slavs do not accept the Allies' conditions before his departure from Paris to-morrow, he will demand the strict execution of the Pact of London.—Exchange.

SECRET OF TRADING WITH RUSSIA.

What the Food Chief Told the Prime Minister.

FOOD AND PRICES.

"If We Do Not Open Up Avenue Germany or U.S. Will."

Light was thrown on the Cabinet's decision to lift the Russian blockade to permit of the exchange of goods between Britain and the Russian Co-operative agencies, by Mr. G. H. Roberts, the Food Controller, last night.

Speaking at the British Russia Club, Mr. Roberts referred to a memorandum which, as the "nation's housekeeper," submitted to the Prime Minister.

If it proved to be that the Premier's judgment and intention were sound in the matter, he (Mr. Roberts) would rejoice in having had some small share in guiding him in that direction.

Russian supplies of food and raw materials were profoundly important from the point of view of the world's economic welfare, he proceeded.

Costs of living displayed an ever-upward tendency. The only way out of the impasse was to discover new sources of supply. Thereby competition would be re-established, and by achieving that they would have taken the first step towards securing reduction in the price of prime necessities.

If it were possible with honour to our country to resume trade with Russia we could undoubtedly open up a vast new avenue of wealth and employment for our own people. "If we don't do it," Mr. Roberts said, "I am convinced that Germany will and America will."

Colonel John Ward, M.P., said Mr. Roberts' speech was very good from the standpoint of his department. This opening of trade with Soviet Russia, however, was really a beginning to enable the Soviet power to establish itself on a permanent basis.

'LLOYD GEORGE WANTS PEACE'

Karl Radek on Premier's Next Commons Move—Russia Needs 30 Years' Quiet.

Karl Radek, the Soviet representative in Berlin, who expected to be made Dictator of Germany if last Tuesday's Spartacist rising had succeeded, has been deported to Russia.

Interviewed by the International News Agency of America, Radek is quoted by the Central News as having said:—

Mr. Lloyd George sincerely wants peace with Russia; as soon as Denikin is crushed, very likely Mr. Lloyd George will go to Leningrad and say: "I want Russia or make peace." He will make peace.

Russia wants thirty years of peace.

Denikin's position during the past few days, says a Reuter Paris message, has become more stable. The Black Sea is commanded by the Allied ships.

BRITISH FLEET'S MOVE.

Sudden Orders to Leave Malta—Bound for the Black Sea?

MALTA (received yesterday).

Orders were received last night for a number of ships to leave Malta, apparently for the Black Sea. Admiral de Robeck, who was not leaving until the 25th inst., is now sailing at five o'clock this afternoon on board the Iron Duke, with the Scarpia, Steadfast, Somme and Hibiscus.

The authorities are reticent, but it is expected that the Allied fleets, in which the British will be represented by the greater part of the Mediterranean Fleet, will take whatever steps are necessary in view of the serious situation in South Russia.—Reuter.

In the British Delegation circles, says Reuter, there is no intention to take any offensive measures, either military or naval, against the Bolsheviks so long as they confine themselves to their own territory.

TRAGIC END TO A FIGHT.

A verdict of Manslaughter was returned by a coroner's jury at Llanbadrach, Rhymney Valley, last night against John Charles Herbert, seven, for causing the death of Edward Jesse Payne, another collier boy, aged sixteen.

There had been a disagreement between the lads, and they agreed to fight to a finish with naked fists. After ten minutes Payne fell forward and died almost immediately.

HEAVY INDIAN FIGHTING.

News was received yesterday of a heavy Indian frontier engagement, says Reuter.

Our casualties were 380, including eight British officers killed, 38 Indian officers and thirty-five Indian other ranks. The Akshud losses were at least 400, including 130 killed. One aeroplane was shot down, but the pilot and observer are safe.

The English Waltz King

Archibald Joyce's
Composer of "Dreaming,"
"A Thousand Kisses,"
"Passing of Salome," etc.

REINCARNATION

"SALOME" WALTZ ORIENTAL.

Mysterious.



"REINCARNATION" is the new Archibald Joyce Waltz. What more need be said of an inspiration by so gifted, so world-renowned a composer as the genius who gave us "Dreaming," "A Thousand Kisses," and "The Passing of Salome"—to mention but a few of his triumphs?

"REINCARNATION" is not only a Joyce Waltz—it is the Joyce Waltz, eclipsing in beauty even his earlier successes. It is a masterpiece of masterpieces, of the true, languorous, Oriental type, popularised the world over by this gifted composer's works.

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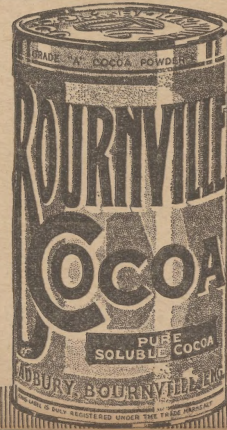
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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1920.

MEN'S CLOTHES.

EVIDENCE before the Central Profiteering Committee seems to show that "customers" are willing to spend "anything" on men's clothes just now.

If it were so, it would be only another proof of the great individual extravagance which keeps pace with administrative waste, after the war.

But is it so? It is true that demobbed men *had*, and still *have*, to buy themselves civilian clothes "somehow." And if there be profiteers about, they have a ready helpless prey in these men. But it must not therefore be concluded that the demobbed man pays the terribly high charges of his West End tailor "willingly." He pays under protest, because he *must* have the clothes.

As to the others, they are carrying on, as well as they can, with pre-war clothes repaired; and, in our experience, it is quite untrue that they are willing to pay "anything." On the contrary, very many men are paying nothing at all. They are refusing to buy clothes; though, when they refuse, they are met with the West End familiar "hold-up" of: "Better buy now, at fifteen guineas; it will be twenty soon!"

Our advice to men is: "Let it be twenty—and don't buy! Leave the West End—go East. Refuse to put up with these grotesque charges."

It may not be the fault of manufacturers, spinners and the others that they are coining money, as several of them have admitted. But neither is it the fault of the customer. "Enormous profits are being made in every stage of the production of clothing." Very well. Then let this fact affect prices.

THE KAISER'S HEAD.

THE Kaiser's-head problem is of great assistance just now as a red rag to the European Bull.

It diverts attention from the real enemies, which are waste, want, food shortage, monetary crisis, anarchy, and delay in the settlement of peace details. While we have no houses, bad food, no security, there is always danger of somebody noticing these needs, here, or in France, or in Italy. Therefore the expert *toreros* must brandish a red rag. And the Kaiser's-head problem crops up again.

It is said to be received "with emotion" when it reappears.

With emotion by whom? Presumably by the professional emotionists, since we never hear of any sensible person in any country who takes the faintest interest in it. The poor posing stogy figure who once attitudinised over Europe is now a nobody—forgotten. Nobody cares about him! That was the most dreadful punishment he could expect.

It was obviously too dreadful for the Paris Conference. Therefore, in mercy to the Kaiser, they had to give him notoriety once more by demanding his head. He must be very grateful to them.

W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 19.—Although double flowers have been much in request of late years, it should not be forgotten that single blossoms are often more chaste and beautiful.

Among roses we have the exquisite Irish Hybrid Teas and the crowd such beautiful climbing varieties as Blue Rambler, Hiawatha, American Pillar, Carmine Pillar, etc.

Then there are precious single pyrethrum, peonies, dahlias, hardy chrysanthemums, pinks, spring anemones and annual asters—all decorative and invaluable for cutting.

E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It is wise to forget past errors. Faith ought ever to be a sanguine, cheerful thing; and perhaps in practical life we could not give a better account of faith than by saying that it is, amidst much failure, having the heart to try again.—F. W. Robertson.

WHY NOT FAIR PLAY FOR GHOSTS?

SOME OF THE STORIES I HAVE HEARD ABOUT THEM.

By LIONEL WHYTE.

THERE is no doubt about it—there is at present a revival of ghosts.

Just as "science" was beginning to suppress them and we thought we should never hear more of them, they have asserted themselves as an after-war conviction. I am always meeting people who have "seen" them and believe in them.

I once asked a church-goer whom I discovered to be an atheist why he went to church. "I lose nothing if my views are right," he said, "and I may gain much if they are wrong."

I confess I cannot see why sceptical people like myself should regard every spiritualist as a fanatic or a charlatan, and make up their minds in advance that their stories—to

out," said one to the butler. "Your people stood it longer than any of the other tenants." I have a picture of the house in my pocket at this moment—and I understand it is still to let!

One can give numerous instances of this kind. Not long ago I was told by a friend, whose word I would take as soon as my own, that two or three hours after his brother had died, in the physical sense, the deceased man had spoken to those around him (including my friend), and had told them not to grieve because he was happier than he had ever been before.

"WHY SCOFF?"

Once again, I am unable to accept the spiritualistic view of this. But to scoff would be absurd. I do not think that, even if I myself should pass through one of these strange experiences, my scepticism would be shaken; it would make me very indignant, however, to have my word doubted.

You generally find that the person who

THE TRIALS OF MARRIAGE AFTER THE WAR.—No. 1.



The young people, of course, utterly ignore the difficulties facing them and the warnings of their parents. "Let us get married!" they say, as though it were a question of going for a walk. We shall see what difficulties they encounter next. —(EY W. K. Haselden.)

put it, expressively if not eloquently—are "all bosh."

My disbelief has not been shaken, but I have heard some extraordinary stories lately, and one in particular has stuck in my mind. It was told me by some personal friends who have just left the house around which it revolves.

They took the house some four years ago. It is an old manor house in one of the southern counties, and after a while they had a nocturnal visitor. At a certain hour each night the "ghost" began knocking loudly on the bedroom doors, one door in particular receiving special attention. The knocking was repeated throughout the night at regular intervals, and when the ghost departed its retreating footsteps were heard dying away in the distance.

Three members of the household saw the ghost. Their nerves grew worse and worse, till at last they decided they could stand it no longer. To their surprise, the landlord let them go without requiring the usual notice, and he implied that the reason for their departure was obvious and logical.

The villagers were no more surprised than the landlord.

"We wondered how long they'd stick it

scoffs the most is the person who is most afraid of being converted.

The important thing to remember is that your inability to find a logical solution does not imply there is no logical solution.

Take up a clever mystery story. The author baffles you. But he has his solution at the end, and if you lost the book when you were but half-way through it you might never learn that solution.

Truth is the greatest of all authors. Its book is endless, and in our short lives we read only a page or two. How can we be expected to understand all its manifestations?

It is no more reasonable of us to accept a spiritualistic explanation because we cannot supply a material one than it was for our forefathers to worship the sun because they knew nothing about astronomy. In the end, it comes down mainly to a question of instinct.

That is my reply to spiritualists who try to convert me. I am simply incapable of believing in their creed, or of perceiving health in their practices.

But—tell me—why should we scoff at them?

WOMEN AS ARTISTS.

WHY DO THEY NOT EQUAL MEN IN LITERATURE AND PAINTING?

NO GREAT WOMAN POET?

WHAT woman poet can in any way compare with the best of the men?

The only first-class woman poetess the world has ever seen is a simple, unassuming girl, the late Samuel Butler, that the *Odyssey* was written by a woman! A. M. E.

"TOO LONG!"

WOMEN have done well in literature—amongst the arts—but not so well as men. Surely that is so obvious as hardly to need statement.

And one of the reasons why women have not done so well as men is that they have not the power of writing *enough*, but not more than enough.

Nearly all the women writers write too much and at too great length.

For example—George Eliot, Christina Rossetti, Mrs. Browning, the late Miss Thackeray. There are the usual exceptions that prove the rule—for example, Jane Austen.

Somehow women writers seem to lack the power of concentration.

A REVIEWER OF BOOKS.

WOMEN AND ART.

THE championship of "An Authoress" of women's place in art is certainly interesting.

As a professional artist may I point out to her that in my experience the great majority of women show singularly little appreciation of the budding genius of their own sex in art. I fear it is usually left to us men to champion their cause, and I venture to suggest to your correspondent and other ladies that they should see to this.

There are, for example, in the present exhibition at the Royal Academy of the nation's war paintings some extremely talented water-colours by Miss Dorothy Coke, which hold their own on a wall containing some of the finest drawings by such masters as John Sargent and P. Wilson Steer.

We artists have been struck by the originality shown in these pictures, but, as far as I know, none of the innumerable ladies' papers have yet discovered them, and I should be interested to know if any of your lady readers have honoured them with a glance.

AN ARTIST.

WHERE WOMEN EXCEL.

IN one sphere only have women proved as great or greater artists than men—the stage.

We have had Keen. But we have also had Mrs. Siddons. According to Hazlitt he was human. She was divine.

PLAYGOER.

MIDDLE-AGED DRESS.

A "PORTRAIT PAINTER" is right as to the unsuitability of dresses women wear "according to age," but he misses the reason why we have the "frequent spectacle of the ageing woman absurdly dressed in girl's garments," which is that she can't get anything else.

The shops don't cater for the middle-aged woman, and only too often she may ransack London in vain for suitable garments.

I believe a woman with a "find" for it could make a fine thing out of catering for the middle-aged if she started a shop in the right locality.

MIDDLE AGED.

SHORTER LETTERS.

Manage My Life!—The sort of woman who wants a man to manage her life for her is apt to be disappointed. It usually ends by her having to manage her life, as well as her own.—A MARRIED WOMAN.

Another Cold.—Winans professes to give us a cure for the perpetual colds that afflict us. He tells us to use a gargle. I have long done so, but I get colds just the same.—A SUFFERER.

Boy's Dress.—The idea that the "real childhood of British youth" depends on British boys wearing the absurd overturned soupplate, known as the Eton collar, is surely too absurd for discussion. Soft collars are far more comfortable and just as youthful. The Eton dress, for smaller boys, is unbecomingly, and ought to be abolished.—GAMMA UNDERGRADUATE.

Corridor Carriages.—The dastardly crime committed on Nurse Shore would have been practically impossible if there had been corridor carriages. The guard could make a tour of inspection on route. All the great lines have them. Why should not the authorities enforce this regulation all round?—T. GRAHAM SCOTT (Surgeon).

Post-War Salaries.—Here are some salaries typical of the time: A demobbed man was offered 26s. a week; a girl typist 14s.; a boy 10s.; a clerk £150 a year. One of these—the girl—refused. The rest had to accept.—L. N. L.

A WINTER SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy teeth are not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze-freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

—SHAKESPEARE.

J.B.

Side Spring
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The Corsets of Distinction.



Model 2910.
REDUCING
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In white and
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cloth. Well-
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Comfort.

WOMEN of full figures are apt to think that grace and distinction of figure is not within their reach. However much the figure may be inclined to angularity and undue fleshiness there is a J.B. Model which will correct it, and in a measure wholly in accord with our modern insistence on comfort and hygiene.

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the initials
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Not through the use of opiates or other narcotic to dull the pain, but by using "Smith's Palmarium Compound" (tablet form), the new anti-rheumatic and gout remedy. It stops the pain, removes the cause, and when that is done leaves no fear of crutches or crippled hands. 2s. bottle 100 tablets, small size 40 tablets, 1s. 3d. If your Chemist cannot supply you, it will be found on sale at—Holt's, Taylors, Hodder and Co., Timothy White, Lewis and Hurrows, Parke's Stores, Needham's, Mason and Co., and other leading chemists and drug stores. N.B.—An absolute guarantee given with every bottle.

MACKINTOSH'S

Bairns and Fathers say
"I know of no better toffee,
so cannot go for it!"

TOFFEE de LUXE

THE DAY'S WORK.



THE above is one of the 34 humorous pictures from this week's "Passing Show."

If you want the best work of all the leading humorists and caricaturists be sure to get the "Passing Show"—To-day.

"It's bound to be good because it's published by ODHAMS."

PASSING SHOW

On Sale To-day—2d.

FREE TO THE GREY-HAIRED.

10,000 Laboratory Test Supplies of "Astol" Now Ready for Posting FREE OF CHARGE. Sensational Success of "Astol" Proves No One Need Any Longer be Grey-Haired.

A STARTLING announcement is made to-day, which concerns every reader whose hair is Grey, White, or beginning to lose its natural colour. It is nothing less than a personal invitation to try a most successful natural remedy, absolutely free of cost or obligation.

At no cost to yourself you can immediately commence to banish that appearance of premature age which you must so often have felt to be almost a stigma upon your looks and upon your capabilities.



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The action of "Astol" is indeed marvellous. It seems incredible that this colourless liquid, just simply applied to the hair, can flood it with new colour, but there is amazing proof positive that if your hair is now grey and you apply "Astol," the original colour will return.

Simply send the coupon below, and you will receive the Free Gift supply, including—

1. A Free Bottle of ASTOL, the new scientific preparation which, applied to the hair, immediately commences to restore your own rich, youthful hair colour.

2. A packet of "Crenax" Shampoo Powder, the wonderful Hair and Scalp Cleanser, which prepares the hair for the use of "Astol."

3. A copy of an interesting book, "Good News for the Grey-Haired," which clearly explains how to use "Astol."

After you have once seen for yourself the effect of "Astol" you can obtain further supplies at 3s. and 6s. per bottle; "Crenax" is 1/6 per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d. each), from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

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"Daily Mirror," 20/1/20.

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These Your Symptoms?



PAINFUL attacks which make you reel helpless and dizzy; palpitation, bilious headaches, sleeplessness, loss of energy, sharp chest pains, or a hot heavy feeling in the pit of the stomach.

These indicate a weak stomach, for which Ker-nak Pills are unequalled.

"For eight years," writes Mrs. M. A. Houghton, of Fair View, Great Staughton, Hunts, "I suffered tortures from indigestion, accompanied by pains in the chest, flatulence, and palpitation. My appetite was wretched, and I felt thoroughly out-of-sorts. I had medical treatment, but gained no real relief till I started with Ker-nak."

"These wonderful pills caused the pain and flatulence to soon disappear, and my appetite improved wonderfully. Perseverance with Ker-nak Pills thoroughly cured me, and to-day I am in better health than I have been for years."

Ker-nak PILLS

Taken After Dinner
PUT YOUR STOMACH RIGHT

1/3 or 3/- of all chemists and stores, or direct from the Ker-nak Natural Remedy, Ltd., Leeds.

FANCY DRESS

20 for 1/4

"The Superb Cigarette."

Extra Large, Pure Virginia, rolled in specially prepared paper. Obtainable at all high-class Tobacconists and Stores, etc.

Société Job, London.



PEOPLE WHO ARE TOO ANXIOUS TO PLEASE.

SOMETHING ABOUT BEING OVER-ENTERTAINED.

By JOHN SILENCE.

The fact that our guests would sometimes like a few minutes to themselves often fails to strike us. This article is by a sufferer.

OVERDOING things seems to be the rule in this otherwise well ordered life, and the number of people who are too anxious to please and who can't entertain without overdoing it is legion.

Some time ago I accepted an invitation to stay over Saturday and Sunday nights with some friends. It was very kind of them to ask me, but I dreaded going because I knew that I should not get a moment's peace.

I was met at the station by my host—Barboil we'll call him—and his son Diddums, a lank youth of seventeen, whose face opened like a cellar flap when he giggled, which happened at intervals of about thirty seconds.

It was raining slightly as I stepped out to the platform.

"Ah! my dear fellow!" shouted Barboil.

He bore down upon me, followed by Diddums, as though they intended literally to divide me between them.

On his arm Barboil carried a suit of waterproof overalls.

"Just come into the waiting-room and put these on!" he said, shaking hands with me.

"It's raining!"

"But I've got my mack on!" I said, shaking hands with him.

"That—that's too thin—no good for the country!" he said, pointing a finger of scorn at my ten-guinea rainproof coat.

"Diddums, put that umbrella up—he'll get his hat wet!"

KEEPING MY HEAD DRY.

Diddums grinned and opened the umbrella with such force and ill-judgment that he knocked off my hat and it rolled between the platform and the train.

Barboil swore at Diddums, and they both struggled with each other to hold the umbrella above me. They were there to look after me, and they meant to do their job.

When the train had gone out of the station they both jumped simultaneously on to the line to recover my hat. Diddums took the umbrella with him, and looked as though he were making the descent with a parachute.

Followed a visit to the waiting-room, where I got into their ridiculous overalls, and then, being bumped on both sides as they tried to keep in step with me, we set out for the house a quarter of a mile away.

Standing at the front door was Mrs. Barboil, beaming hospitality from every pore, and by her side were her two daughters.

They waved handkerchiefs to me when I was yet a hundred yards away, and when I raised my hat they cheered.

Once inside they attacked me on all sides, literally quarrelling among themselves over getting me all in one piece out of the overalls.

I was pushed into a chair and many hands began to unlace my damp boots, and eventually my feet were thrust into a pair of weird house boots of Mrs. Barboil's own make that were made for a man with feet twice the size of mine.

"WELL OUT OF THAT!"

Then Barboil hauled me into the dining-room and gave me a whisky and soda to prevent me catching cold.

Then Diddums and Barboil led me up to my room.

A huge vase of flowers stood on the dressing table, another on the mantelpiece and still another on a table by the side of the bed. A fire was burning in the grate—although the day was insufferably hot.

"The bathroom is right opposite, where hot water awaits you, and I've put the gramophone in this room because I know its deadly dull here!" said Barboil.

Diddums was already engaged in winding the thing up, and they bowed themselves out of my room to the tune of "Land of Hope and Glory."

In two minutes they were knocking at my door with varied suggestions for my comfort. At lunch they watched every morsel of food I ate to see from my expression if I enjoyed it.

So it went on—for the whole week-end. Bless their kindly hearts, they meant well.

Only they overdid it.

They put me into the overalls to get me back to the station on Monday morning. They had never paused in their efforts to entertain me the whole time I was there, and as I divested myself of the overalls and handed the bundle through the carriage window I muttered "Well out of that!"

LONELY WOMEN WHO BECOME TOO SELFISH

IS IT GOOD FOR THEM TO LIVE ALONE?

By ROSALIE NEISH.

IS it good to live alone? Do people who live alone become selfish? I think they are inclined to.

Is it so blessed to live alone? Can we any of us afford to do without the love and sympathy, also the disciplinary effects, of companionship?

If we look round, not only on our widowed but single friends, what do we find? They are often either exceedingly self-centred or very talkative.

When they meet they pour out their grievances and talk about themselves and their households, their landladies and their surroundings, and as soon as you begin about your affairs they find they must "really be running along now."

I have noticed this over and over again. I have even made experiments to see if I was right before I venture to criticise.

People who live alone are apt to become dictatorial. They are used to saying to this man (or rather to that maid) go here or do this, and she doeth it.

These lonely ones often become what the Scots call pernickety. Everything must be just so, with them, and if you stay with them, well, I can only say I prefer a hotel!

"Man was not meant to live alone," says the Book of Books. I do not think women were meant to either. They may prefer it. Some do—but if they want to be really popu-

lar they must pull themselves up and look out for the pitfall of too much "I."

"Mrs. —" rushed in to see me yesterday," said Cousin Cynthia, speaking to a mutual friend, "and she talked incessantly of her own affairs for an hour and a half, and when I tried to tell her about yesterday's wedding she said she had not time to stay another moment. . . ."

Poor Mrs. —! She was ever so nice when her husband was alive, but she has lived alone for seven years, and she has become all self, with a very big S.

No one has the pluck, or the sense, to warn the men or women who live by themselves. Therefore, at the risk of being called a fool, I am venturing in where angels fear to tread.

Do, dear people, who live alone, remember, in the vivid and forceful language of the man in the street, that you are not the only pebble on the beach.

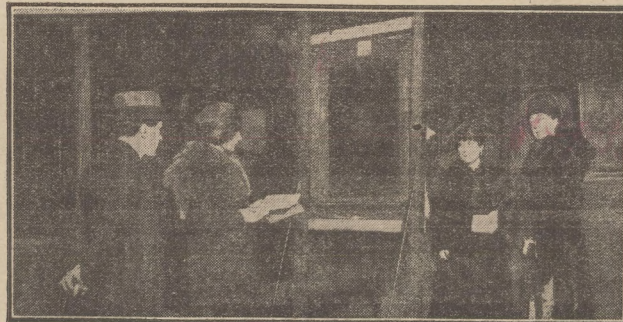
Think what a joy it is sometimes to us to have an odd woman or an odd man to add to our party, and remember you will be a perfect delight if you will only listen as well as talk to us.

A woman who lunched with me the other day talked and talked and talked for over an hour and then told me she was tired out.

Of course she was tired, she had worn herself out. "It's such a treat to talk, after being alone so much," she said.

Quite so, I said to myself, but we must not give ourselves too many treats—or we may find we are not given the chance again.

"Live and let live." This is a great and good motto. Let us add another to it. "Talk and let talk." It is nearly as good.



A PICTURE NOVELTY.—Visitors to the Grafton Galleries studying a canvas with a painting by Aubrey Beardsley on either side of it.

NEED WE BE THE WORLD'S WORST COOKS?

LACK OF IMAGINATION IN THE HOUSEHOLD KITCHEN.

By RICHARD KEVERNE.

IN that other age, before the war, there were some good English household cooks. Not many, but a few, and when you met their dishes you began to talk with conviction about the superiority of good plain English fare.

But they seem all to have died or retired during the war. The modern cook is—uneatable.

I may be told that the succession of unsavoury unappetising dishes with which we meet to-day is due largely to the bad quality of the raw material. It may be, but surely that is where the art of the cook should come in. There is no art in just shoving things in an oven and pulling them out after so many minutes, or hours. Boy scouts and ardent young men who go camping "cook" like that. It is a cook's duty to make things taste nice and look nice whatever material may be supplied.

Our cooks seem to have no imagination. Fish generally means to them cod; meat, beef or mutton; soup an unpleasant form of gravy.

Now from years of war and fourteen months of nominal peace we all know that cod is a horrible substance, that beef or mutton from the uttermost ends of the earth is not attractive after months of frozen existence. Why not, then, try to find some substitutes?

Our ponds and rivers here at home are full of what we call coarse fish. Nobody seems to eat them, they are horrible; they taste of mud, you will be told.

Yet I have eaten carp and bream and pike and other coarse fish which did not taste horrible nor of mud. The reason was the

cook's secret. And how often do we see wild fowl upon the home table? Yet a wild duck, a widgeon, a teal, a young-brent-goose, or a plover properly cooked is a dish that cannot be excelled.

But it is no good just boiling a carp, as though it were cod; or just roasting a teal, as though it were frozen mutton. These things must be treated by mystic culinary art, that almost forgotten art in this unhappy land.

But surely even Argentine's frozen bullock or Australia's ice-bound sheep could be made into a dainty dish if someone would take the trouble to try. There must be hidden mysteries known only to the cook that would transform these foods into something that does not look and taste like leather.

Men tell me that in the little villages behind the battle line in France there were men and women who, being given bully beef, could transform it into a savoury dish such as we cannot find in these peace days in England. It is in France that I have eaten pond fish and marvelled at the delicious taste. These miracles can be performed.

I am not going to suggest that every French person is an ideal cook. I have been offered as nasty food in France as in any place I have known. I merely say that it can be done, but here at home it isn't.

Our average British cook, I think, can neither know nor care what good food is. She could not, for she has to eat the stuff she cooks.

She regards her occupation, I imagine, as a necessary evil, something to be got over as soon as possible. She can have no pride in it.

And yet it must be a very pleasant art, and if you read our old cookery books you will find that it flourished once in England. The kitchens for which those books were written would never have allowed to issue from them the horrible dishes with which we have our appetites killed to-day.

Pétrole Hahn

FOR THE HAIR

The beneficial effect of Pétrole Hahn upon the scalp results in a luxuriant and silky growth—it also promotes waviness and enables the hair to retain its natural colour.

invaluable after illness or breakdown, when the hair becomes thin and brittle.

Absolutely free from all danger to the scalp. Highly concentrated, economical in use.

Large size 7/-

Small size 4/6

Supplied by all Chemists, Druggists, Hairdressers and Stores.

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR UNITED KINGDOM:



G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD.,
75, Farringdon Road, E.C.1.



TO AVOID PAIN AFTER EATING.

Thousands who have tried it, including hundreds of people here in London, say that the surest way to avoid pain and discomfort after eating is to take two or three tablets of Bisurated Magnesia after each meal. This prevents food fermentation and the resultant formation of gas and acid, and enables even the worst dyspeptics to eat almost anything without the slightest danger of distress to follow. If pain has already started or in cases of acute indigestion, Bisurated Magnesia acts almost like magic, usually bringing complete relief in five or six minutes. If you want to enjoy your meals as you did in childhood get a 3s. packet of Bisurated Magnesia tablets and take as directed; a binding guarantee of satisfaction or money back is enclosed with every package, so that if you aren't delighted you can get your money refunded for the asking. The tablets are 100 to 1, however, that you'll soon be telling your friends that Bisurated Magnesia is the finest thing in the world for indigestion. Try it and see for yourself.

BISURATED MAGNESIA is the best remedy for indigestion, and is obtainable in powder form at 3s. for a large bottle.—(Adv't.)

Are You Troubled by ASTHMA?

Are you almost suffocated by horrid strangling cough? Are you kept awake night after night? Don't suffer longer, but get Potter's Asthma Cure. Gives instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, and other lung troubles. The best remedy for bronchitis of children.

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

is quite safe to use. Contains no opiates, and neither causes headaches nor bad after-effects. Supplied by all chemists, herbalists, and stores for 4/6. Post free 1/9 from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.C.1.

Sign this Form

and post it to the above address and you will receive a Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, together with a little book "Are you Asthmatic?"—full of facts as to the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis.

NAME

ADDRESS

"Daily Mirror."



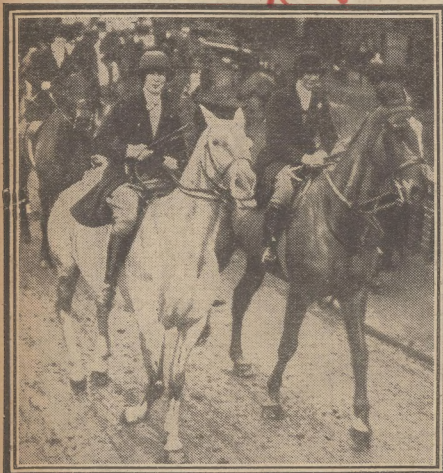
HUNTING IN SURREY



The mount of Master Miles Garrick, a juvenile fellow of the Surrey Foxhounds, was much admired by his young friends.



Mr. H. C. Lee-Steer, the Master of the Hunt, talking to a kennelman. The meet was held at Burford Bridge.



The Misses G. and B. Ritchie attend the meet. They adopt the seat astride, which has now achieved considerable popularity amongst modern horsewomen.

SOAP MADE FROM CLAY



Mr. F. E. Weston, a chemical expert, who has discovered a process of making soap by substituting colloidal clay to a large extent for the fatty acids ordinarily used. In the picture left, he is at work with his son (in white coat) in his laboratory in connection with the Polytechnic.

NOTED ACTORS



Miss Malvina Longfellow, as the mother, with a scene from a new Grainger film. The film, being produced, will help check the



ENGLAND'S GREATEST WAR TROPHY.—The River Clyde, which played such a glorious part at Gallipoli, in dock at Malta on her way to England. She will be given to the nation.



Mr. A. L. Spalding, of Dundee, who claims to have discovered a wonderful method of raising the dead. He claims to have produced the same result.



Patrol Leader W. Ferguson, of Tynemouth, Y.M.C.A. Boy Scout, awarded the Silver Cross for rescuing a man from drowning at Tynemouth.



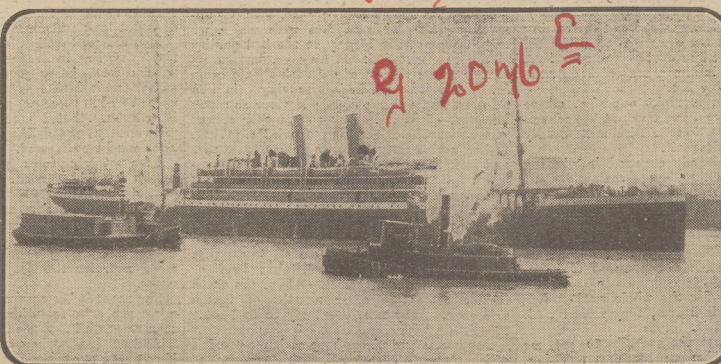
Little Virginia Barone waits in the wings for her call. She is a clever actress for her years.



Lieut.-Col. C. H. Hoare, D.S.O., who has been elected as prospective Labour candidate for South Ham, to oppose the present member.



ENCHANTMENT OF Joyce Barbour, who appears in the film. She is now playing.



10,000 TON LINER SINKING.—The American liner Powhattan, reported to be in danger of sinking in the Atlantic, 400 miles south of Halifax. The Powhattan was formerly the German liner Hamburg, and is on a voyage from New York to Europe with 600 passengers on board.

SPECIAL FILM.



under four years of age, in a speak-which includes several notable actors, is present social evils.

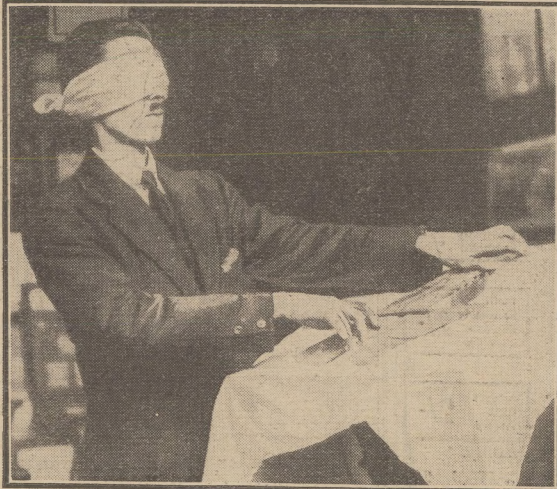


Hon. Charles land, D.S.O. argument of the night Brook, in 1910.

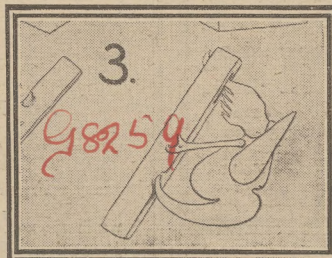


EN.—Miss ar first film 'Enchant-y Bunting.'

TRAINING THE MIND'S EYE



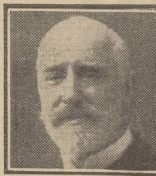
A new method of developing the sense of touch, which is being tested by the Royal Drawing Society. An object, in this case a toy woodpecker, is placed before the blindfolded student, who, guided by touch, reproduces it on paper.



The impression conveyed by touch of the toy woodpecker. The student at first imagined that he was handling a piece of machinery, but the completed picture gave the correct version.



The Rev. G. H. Weston, who has been appointed the first principal of the Church Hostel. He was made on a R. and O. line for four years.



The Rev. Bernard J. Snell, Brixton Independent Church since 1891, who has been left 20,000 by Lady Hale, with wife and child.



Mr. Gerald du Maurier, as the actor, receives a surprise on looking into the house from the garden.



THE JOYS OF WINTER SPORT.—Like their parents, these fortunate little members of society revel in the delights of snow at the Swiss resorts.

MISSION TO IRELAND.



Members of the Labour Party Mission to Ireland at Euston Station en route for Ireland yesterday. Left to right (in front): Mr. H. S. Lindsay and Messrs. A. and W. W. Hen-



A TREADMILL TRACK.—An ingenious device, which enables spectators to watch a cycle race indoors in comfort. The speed is recorded by the revolutions of the rollers.



TEETH

REPAIRS
WHILE
YOU WAIT

FITTED IN
FOUR
HOURS.

Complete Set **15/-**
With seven years' written guarantee.

Gold Filling **10/6**

Single Teeth **2/-**



Teeth Painlessly Extracted **1/-**

Teeth Painlessly Extracted with gas **2/-**

Decayed Teeth Stopped **2/-**

OUR PRICES.

ORDINARY PRICES.

Complete Set of Artificial Teeth £0 15 0 Ordinary Price ... £5 5 0
Single Artificial Teeth ... 0 2 0 Ordinary Price ... 0 10 6
Teeth Painlessly Extracted ... 0 1 0 Ordinary Price ... 0 2 6

No one can look their best with broken, decayed or disfigured teeth. If you yourself desire perfect teeth and a hundred per cent. better appearance, go to Williams to-day. Here you have the advantage of the highest skilled dentistry at fees that are a revelation of cheapness. There is no waiting. Advice is given free. If unable to call, drop a postcard for free booklet "Perfect Teeth," which will be sent post free.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

WILLIAMS TEETH CO., LTD.

213, PICCADILLY, W.1 (Three doors from Piccadilly Circus.)

291, 295, GRAY'S INN ROAD, KING'S CROSS, W.C.1.

18 & 20, OXFORD STREET, W.1. (Next door to Oxford Music Hall.)

141, NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY, S.E.1.

Instantly Kills Pain OF RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, GOUT or NEURITIS.



SORE THROAT? Yes!
VIKWIK will cure it.

Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sore Throats, Stiff Neck, Sprains, Strains and Bruises all come alike to Vikwik—the Spirit of Ease—its nature is so peculiar that without any rubbing in or massage it gives instantaneous relief to the most-inflamed and painful condition, and the pain is shed like an old glove.

USED BY THE PRINCE REGENT.

"Vikwik" is prepared from the exact formula used on behalf of the late Prince Regent (nearly 100 years ago).

Dr Sir—The Prince Regent Has used your An Brocton and Has found Benefit from it so good as to send an Other Bottle By The Bearer as the Prince wants it Immediately.

M. LUMLEY (Equerry to the Prince). The above is an exact copy—showing the quaint 19th Century spelling—of order received from H.R.H. THE PRINCE REGENT (George IV.) in 1818.

There is something almost uncanny about the way in which Vikwik will kill the most obstinate pain.

One moment you are in agony. The next, after you have applied Vikwik, you can feel the pain slipping away.



RHEUMATISM.

VIKWIK DOES NOT BURN or BLISTER

—IT NEED NOT BE RUBBED.

The peculiar thing about Vikwik is the manner in which it can kill pain without rubbing in, and unlike ordinary liniments, oils and embrocations, it does not burn or blister even the most sensitive skin.

WHERE TO GET YOUR VIKWIK

VIKWIK LINIMENT can be obtained in bottles at 1/3 and 3/- from Boots' Cash Chemists, Taylor & Drug Co., Timothy White & Co., Whiteley's, Solingda's, Harrods, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct for remittance from VIKWIK Co., Desk 23, 27, Store Street, London, W.C.1.

1/3 & 3/- from Boots' Cash Chemists, Timothy White's and Taylor's.

VIKWIK LINIMENT

INSTANTLY KILLS PAIN.

RHEUMATISM
SPRAINS
BRUISES
CRAMS
CHILBLAINS

GOUT
SORE THROAT
HEADACHE
STIFF NECK
LUMBAGO

RHEUMATOID
ARTHRITIS
NUMBNESS
SORE FEET
CONUSIONS

SCIATICA
TIED MUSCLES
COLD ON CHEST
NEURITIS
NERVE PAINS

NEURALGIA
ATHLETES'
MUSCLES
STRAINS
BACKACHES



Mother, this is what you've won.

EACH packet of **B.D.V. Silk Picture Cigarettes** contains a dainty Silk Flag, Picture of the Old Masters, colours of Football Teams, Naval Crests, Coat of Arms of a British City, Beautiful Birds, &c., which can be used in the decoration of a variety of articles such as Fancy Dress Costumes, Table and Tray Cloths, Sofa, Chair and Cushion Covers, Table Centres, Tea Cosies, Cot Coverlets, Underskirts, Child's Fancy Dress, &c. &c. CASH PRIZES are given EACH MONTH for the most artistic or originally designed needlework in which these pictures are used, and every woman and girl who can sew should take part in this profitable form of home work. There are no restrictions as to the article one chooses to make, and a few hours' fascinating work may bring you a cash prize.

NO ENTRANCE FEE. OPEN TO ALL.

£257 - 15 - 0

Awarded in the November Competition.

1st Prize	£10 0 0	WILLIAMS, Miss, 28, Connaught Square, Marble Arch, W.	... <i>Gent's Fancy Suit.</i>
2nd Prize	£7 10 0	SIMPSON, Mrs., High Street, Towcester, Northants...	... <i>Work Tray and 2 Mats.</i>
3rd Prize	£5 0 0	PERROTT, Mrs. K., 90, Hythe Road, Swindon...	... <i>Bedspread.</i>
4th Prize	£4 0 0	WATTS, Miss, Workmen's Club, Station Road, Purton, Wilts...	... <i>Fancy Dress.</i>
2 Prizes of	£3 10 0	HOB, Miss L., 26, St. Germain's Road, Forest Hill, S.E.1.	... <i>Fancy Dress.</i>
		HAMMOND, Miss E. B., Brighton Boro' County Asylum, Haywards Heath	... <i>Dressing Jacket and Boudoir Set.</i>
4 Prizes of	£3 0 0	GUTTS, Miss L., Westbourne Park Road, Bournemouth	... <i>Door Curtain.</i>
		SHEPHERD, Miss E., 85, Vine Street, Coventry	... <i>Fancy Dress.</i>
		SUTTON, Mrs. P., Park Street, Towcester, Northants	... <i>Pair Large Cushions.</i>
		TWINING, Miss G. M., Lower Valley Farm, Noke, Islip, Oxon	... <i>Fancy Dress.</i>
3 Prizes of	£2 10 0	GASKIN, Miss, 7, Farnaby Road, Bromley, Kent	... <i>Jazz Fancy Dress.</i>
		HORTON, Mrs. M., 83, Oldworth Road, South Williesbro', Ashford, Kent	... <i>Bedspread.</i>
		HEALD, Miss G., Green Lane, Ockbrook, Derbyshire	... <i>Cot Bedspread.</i>
2 Prizes of	£2 0 0	COLLINS, Miss F., Post Office, Little Comberton, near Pershore, Worcs.	... <i>Cot Cover.</i>
		SAVILL, Mrs., 12, Radcliffe Avenue, Harlesden	... <i>Bedspread.</i>
2 Prizes of	£1 10 0	AMES, Mrs. D., 181, Harold Road, Upton Park...	... <i>Cot Cover.</i>
		HAYES, Miss K., Rose Cottage, Pailton, near Rugby	... <i>Child's Rocking Chair.</i>

63 prizes of £1 89 prizes of 15/- and 136 prizes of 10/-

Complete list of names and addresses of winners sent on application (enclose 1d. stamp).

B.D.V. SILK PICTURE CIGARETTE NEEDLEWORK COMPETITIONS

are continued every Month.

The December Competition closes on February 7th, 1920.

B.D.V. Extra Mild Cigarettes with Silk Pictures. 10 for 5½d.

The Enormous Sale of B.D.V.
Cigarettes PROVES their merit.

Sold by all Tobacconists Everywhere.

Wholesale only from

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., 112, COMMERCIAL STREET, LONDON, E.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Unemployed Officers.

Advertisements from ex-officers seeking work continue to crowd the newspapers. I notice that one announces that he will "joyfully tackle any job not entirely confined to sedentary work, providing good salary is offered."

Another.

As a contrast to this is the brief and intriguing announcement: "Officer, ex-Regular, desires employment, town or country; no salary required."

B.S.A.P.

Which reminds me that Brigadier-General Bodle, of Salisbury House, would be glad to hear from young ex-officers who would like to join the British South African Police. This famous corps has in its ranks men who have had commissions in the British Army; and, in fact, through the ranks is the only way to a command in the corps.

The Empire Ball.

People continue with great unanimity to take boxes for the British Empire Ball at the Albert Hall on Wednesday, 21st. Lady Townshend, Mr. Gerald du Maurier, Miss Gladys Cooper and Major-General Page Croft, M.P., are among the latest to commandeer boxes. I should not be surprised to see some interesting occupants of the royal box. But this is not a promise, only a hint.

Keeping the Ball Rolling.

The Brigade of Guards promise a surprise which will be ushered in by a fanfare from the trumpeters of the Life Guards. The officers of another regiment are coming in uniforms copied from those worn by the regiment at the time of Malplaquet. I hope the Navy will have some "stunts" for us as well.

The Paying Guest.

The Fifty-Two Club, a most exclusive dining coterie which I have just come across, composed of men well known in the literary, artistic and theatrical worlds, has a rule at its monthly dinners which seems unique. One guest may be introduced at the feast, but only on condition that he pays for the port served at the end of dinner.

A White Satin Bride.

I found Sir Arthur and Lady Fanshawe among many distinguished guests yesterday at St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens, when Miss Sylvia Scott married Mr. Leonard Marks. The bride, who was given away by her father, Mr. Walter Scott, a well-known writer, wore white satin and a Juliet cap of gold lace and veil of tulle. She carried a sheaf of white lilies and real orange blossom.

The Lucky Cat.

Two little attendants were Kate Greenaway frocks, and with Early Victorian decorum followed the bride to the altar. A brother of the bridegroom was best man. After the ceremony a black cat solemnly stalked up the red carpet—a good omen!

Stato Gardening on Sunday.

Is there really such a dearth of gardeners? One would certainly imagine the situation to be acute when the Government has to send its men out Sabbath-breaking. On Sunday



Miss Mackenzie Fraser, the well-known pianist, is at the Hotel. Miss Betty Bulmer as Oily in "Fiddlers' at the Scala.

last two gardeners were working hard in the not very bosky, but quite extensive, grounds of the Record Office in Chancery-lane. I do not remember seeing anything of the sort before in my long experience of London and its idiosyncrasies.

A Recital.

The Countess Berita de Montalvo tells me that she is giving a dramatic recital to-morrow at the Hotel Somerset in aid of the St. Dunstan's Hostel. The Countess writes most of her own recitations.

Lucky Girl Clerks.

There were 3,377 temporary girl clerks competing for "permanencies" in the Civil Service, in the examination the result of which has just been announced. Of these 332 are to be appointed to what are called "Women Clerks'hips." Moreover, 1,191 girls are to be given minor posts as female writing assistants.

That Touch of Colour.

A girl friend tells me that brilliant-coloured, large-sized flowers are to be used extensively as trimmings for spring-time hats. Coral or geranium-pink gardenias, large velvet poppies, scarlet, purple and yellow anemones are apparently only a few of the trimmings that women will adorn their hats with during the next few months.

A Furniture Feast.

The little village of Penn, Bucks, is quite crowded with furniture collectors and dealers. Why? Because yesterday was the opening day



Charming portrait of Mr. Milton Rosmer, Cassius, in the role of Caesar, James.

of the sale of the very valuable furniture and other household effects of the late Sir Philip Rose, whose country seat was Rayners, Penn. The sale is expected to last most of the week.

Archaic.

On the Embankment the other day I encountered an extraordinary figure. He was comparatively young, but was wearing a long frockcoat, heavily braided, of the cut of the early 'nineties. Likewise he was crowned with a silk hat of the period, high and straight. The curious part was that these archaic clothes looked almost new.

The Blackbird.

It now appears not at all unlikely that the blackbird has begun to sing in London. Seeing my yesterday's paragraph on the subject, a correspondent writes that he heard a blackbird singing from the top of a sweet chestnut in Kensington Gardens on Sunday.

Venturesome Violets.

A country correspondent tells me that on Sunday he gathered violets and primroses in the woods of his neighbourhood. I am not inviting rival records, but may say this was not in the West of England, but within thirty miles of London.

English Actors' League.

I hear that an English Actors' League is in the process of being formed in New York. There are so many British players on Broadway just now that a large membership could be obtained. The leading spirit is Mr. Charles Cherry. He is the son of Lady Emily Cherry and therefore a cousin of the Earl of Rothes.

A Cherry Story.

And thereby hangs a tale. When Mr. Cherry first went on the stage he followed the crowd and used a stage-name. On this action he was ironically congratulated by a member of his family. This so enraged the ambitious Charles that he straightaway abandoned his stage-name and used his own thenceforward.

Two New Plays.

Mr. M. Willson Disher's two plays, produced at the Shaftesbury yesterday afternoon under the auspices of the Stage Society, were both highly successful experiments in satirical comedy. The first, "There Remains a Gesture," is a Watteau fragment. The pompous artificials and the extravagant politeness of that period are shrewdly satirised, and Mr. Leon M. Lion enters most admirably into the spirit of the thing.

Joan—by Joan.

Somehow more complex, though perhaps no less extravagant, is "Joan of Memories," a play of the early nineteenth century. The performance of Miss Joan Vivian Rees as Joan Vahity was full of subtle comedy.

THE RAMBLER.

A STUBBORN COUGH LOOSENS RIGHT UP.

This Home-Made Remedy is a wonder for quick Results. Easily and Cheaply Made.

Here is a home-made syrup which millions of people have found to be the most dependable means of breaking up stubborn coughs. It is cheap and simple, but very prompt in action. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, Phlegm loosens; breathing becomes easier, tickling in the throat stops, and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours, or less. Nothing better for Bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, whooping cough, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour one ounce of Parment (Double Strength) into a half-pint bottle, and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. If you prefer, use Honey or Golden Syrup instead of the sugar syrup. Either way you get a full half-pint—a family supply—of much better cough syrup than you could buy ready made for three times the money. Keeps perfectly, and children love its pleasant taste.

Parment is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its prompt healing effect upon the membranes.

To avoid disappointment ask your chemist for an ounce of Parment (Double Strength) with full directions, and don't accept anything else. There is nothing better.—(Adv't.)

For Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis.

You must feed the body without overloading it. Dr. Ridge's Food prepared with fresh milk is the best nourishment you can possibly have. It is easily digested, satisfying, strengthening and soothing to the Chest and Lungs. Try it for supper, it induces sleep.

Doctors recommend it. Thousands enjoy it.

RIDGE'S FOOD
Tins 1/3, 2/6 and 5/-

You can

make that stew richer, that steak pie more appetising, that meat go further if you use Bisto, which thickens, colours and seasons soups, stews, etc., all in one operation.

BISTO
The Original Gravy Maker.
Of all Gravy.

WHAT THIN FOLKS SHOULD DO TO GAIN WEIGHT.

Physician's Advice for Thin Undeveloped Men and Women.

Thousands of people suffer from excessive thinness, weak nerves and feeble stomachs, who, having tried advertised flesh-makers, food-fads, physical culture stunts and rub-on creams, resign themselves to life-long skinniness and think nothing will make them fat. Yet their case is not hopeless. A recently discovered regenerative force makes fat grow after years of thinness, and is also unequalled for repairing the waste of sickness or faulty digestion, and for strengthening the nerves. This remarkable discovery is called Sargol. Six strength-giving, fat-producing elements of acknowledged merit have been combined in this peerless preparation, which is endorsed by eminent physicians and used by prominent people everywhere. It is absolutely harmless, inexpensive and efficient.

A month's systematic use of Sargol should produce flesh and strength by correcting faults of digestion and by supplying highly concentrated fats to the blood. Increased nourishment is obtained from the food eaten, and the additional fats that thin people need are provided. Leading druggists supply Sargol, and say there is a large demand for it. While this new preparation has given splendid results as a nerve tonic and vitaliser, it should not be used by nervous people unless they wish to gain at least ten pounds of flesh.—(Adv't.)



Miss Joan Dickson-Bayliss, Lord Alington's only daughter, has gone abroad. New portrait of Lady Rosemary Port, daughter of the late Earl Cairns.

EX-KAISER'S FATE.

A Good Occupation for Ex-Officers—Forming the English Actors' League.

THE DUTCH ARE in a dilemma; but it is most likely that a way out will be found. The Allies' demand for the body of the ex-Kaiser has aroused even the phlegmatic Hollander who has now been hinting to his unwelcome guest the propriety of delivering himself up to the Allies. That William is capable of such a dignified gesture is at least doubtful.

Raising the Blockade.

The decision to raise the blockade of Russia is no sudden one. It has been in contemplation for some time. The deputation of Russian co-operators, who came here to urge that trading with Russia should be renewed, have hammered into the Allies the fact that the blockade was welding the Bolsheviks together.

Sultan at Constantinople.

My tip that the Sultan may be retained at Constantinople as Khalif looks like coming true. The influential men who have signed the memorial to Mr. Lloyd George in favour of this course form a curious contrast. It is unusual to find Mr. Israel Zangwill in the same galley as Lord Denbigh and Lord Lamington.

From India.

It is not surprising to see that enlightened potentate the Aga Khan at the head of the list of signatories. Lord Lamington was Governor of Bombay till 1907. After being Governor of Madras, Lord Amphill for a time governed India as Viceroy. All these personages are authorities on the workings of the Mohammedan mind, and their views are valuable.

An Omen.

Why is Lord Reading buying so many books on the history of the United States? I hear that he has been purchasing largely of this kind of work. Can it be an omen pointing in the direction of Washington?

Dancing in Paris.

From Paris I hear that there is considerable gaiety at Claridge's Hotel, where the British Mission is housed. Dancing is the order of the night. I would not hint that the grave and reverend heads of the mission dance, but I dare say their staff does.

Back to School.

Yesterday Miss Megan Lloyd George left London for Paris. She is returning to school, but no doubt will find an opportunity of being with her distinguished father and telling him all the news.

Off to the Riviera.

Mr. Macpherson's trip to the Riviera is in search of health. He has been greatly pulled down by arduous work and anxiety of late. As he has to meet the House of Commons one long in a debate over the Irish Administration he wants to be as fit as possible.

Forgiveness.

If Germany fulfils her promises of immediate reparation for the Scapa Flow sinkings, Admiral von Reuter, who ordered the scuttlings, will, I am told, be released as well as his officers. Of course, they did not menace human life by their action.

R.R.C.

The final list of awards of the Royal Red Cross for nursing services in connection with the war has been issued. In it I notice the name of the Countess of Onslow, who worked very hard as commandant of Broom House Auxiliary Hospital, at West Horsley. Lady Onslow is already a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

THE HIGHEST BIDDER

By RUBY M. AYRES



Meg Ross.

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

EG ROSS, a young and pretty girl, who, from motives of duty, marries
JEFFRY STAFFORD, a strong, determined man, to whom
AURIE ROSS, Meg's brother, is under considerable financial obligations.
LILLIAN LEE, Meg's closest friend. She is in love with Stafford.
ESLIE STAFFORD.—A young man who had at one time been adopted by Jeffry Stafford, from whom he had taken his name.
Meg decides that she will tell her husband of her former friendship with Leslie Stafford.

A SURPRISE FOR MEG.

DONCE I had made up my mind to tell Jeffry I felt much happier. I woke in the morning feeling almost lighthearted, but the next day I sank a little again when I found a letter on my table from Laurie, saying that he wanted to see me at once on a very important matter.
"Money, of course!" I thought, wearily, and my heart was racked with fear on his account.
I knew if Jeffry found out that I was paying Laurie's gambling debts he would be very angry, and yet, how was it possible to refuse? He was my only brother, and even though we were not much closer friends as we had been in the past, he was very dear to me.
So I waited impatiently till he came, and flew to the door when I heard the bell.
"Well, old girl?" he said, but his voice sounded nervous and jerky, and my anxiety opened as I followed him into the drawing-room.
"Jeffry is away, isn't he?" he asked, and I nodded a little as I said, "Yes; how did you know?"
"I forget—I heard it somewhere."
He fidgeted round the room, picking up a magazine, turning the pages, and then throwing it down again aimlessly, before he asked, abruptly—
"Is it true that you and he have made it up?"
"Yes—at least . . . when he comes back to London he is going to take me away."
He held out his hand to me.
"I'm dashed glad, Meg. I hope you'll be happy."
"I think I shall," I said, smiling into his face. "But what about you—what is the matter, Laurie? What is the something important you've got to tell me?"
He laughed roughly and said—
"Perhaps you won't think it's important. I don't suppose you'll be a bit sympathetic. . . ."
I caught my breath with a little frightened gasp. "It's money!" I asked faintly.
"Yes, but not for what you think this time, anyway!" he said eagerly. "Meg—I'm going to get married!"
"Married!"
"Yes." He looked at me and quickly away again. "I dare say you'll be wild about it."
Of course, I know that she isn't the sort of girl you'd care for, but . . . his voice rose defiantly. "I love her, and I'll marry her in spite of everyone."
There was a little silence.
"Who—who is she?" I asked in a whisper.
He walked away from me and stood with his back turned as he told me.
"She's a girl I met at the Pantons', and her name is Isabel Farrow; she . . ."
"Pantons'? Who are the Pantons'?" I asked.
He made an impatient exclamation and said, "They're friends of mine. Well—it's where I go to play. Oh, you need not look like that," he added angrily, as he turned round and saw my face. "It's not her fault, poor kid. She was brought up that, and can't get away from it; she hates the life."
"I don't know. . . . What do you mean? What is she, then?" I asked, as he stopped.
His eyes were lowered and he said—
"She's what they call a 'decoy,' he told me. . . . She's the attraction of the place—ones of them, at least. I—I don't care, whatever she was I'd marry her just the same," he said violently.
I think perhaps it was what he did not say that frightened me most of all; it seemed to me that there might be so much with which one could fill in his disjointed explanation.
"I'm going to take her abroad," he went on, still in that loud, defiant voice. "I know you think I'm a rotter, and incapable of working for any woman, but I'll show you I'm not. When we're married everything will be different. I'm going to begin again. After all, when a chap's got something to work for. . . ."
"And you're sure . . . sure she really loves you?" I asked.
"Of course she does! And if she didn't, it wouldn't make any difference. I mean to have her. Meg, if you saw her you'd understand. She's so pretty. . . ." His voice was pathetic in its eagerness, and she's only twenty-one," he added, pleadingly.
I wanted to say something kind to him, to be sympathetic; but somehow the words stuck in my throat, and he went on, apparently not noticing my silence.
"She's got an old father . . . he's quite dependent on her—and, of course, we can't take him with us—I shouldn't want to, even if he was able to come; but she won't leave him unless he is provided for—she's like that! She's a good girl. Meg, though I suppose you won't believe me. And so I thought—if you'd lend me some money—about three hundred pounds would do, she said—we could settle it on the old chap, and leave him all right."
Perhaps he saw refusal in my face. For he caught my arm as I turned away and pulled me to him.
"Don't say no, Meg. I'll work like a slave to pay you back! I swear I will. I know I've

treated you rottenly, but now everything will be different. This will be the making of me. You don't know how different I've felt since I knew that she—she cared! I must have her! I tell you I won't live without her now. . . . and you're so rich . . . it can't make any difference to you, especially if you're going back to Jeffry. You'll never miss the money, and it's everything in the world to me."
"How—how long have you known her?" I asked.

"I met her the night you were married, and I've seen her almost every day since."

"So that's why you've deserted me, is it?" Laurie frowned.

"I haven't deserted you; besides—you didn't want me. You always had Leslie Stafford hanging round."

"I pulled my arm away."
"How dare you say that! I hate him. Please never mention his name to me again!" I said passionately. Laurie looked faintly amazed.

"Oh, very well," he said, after a moment. "But it's not so long ago that you refused to give him up for anyone, you know."

"Because I was a fool, and knew no better," I said.

"Well, I'm glad you saw your mistake before it was too late," my brother answered dryly.

"Had I seen it before it was too late, I wondered," Laurie put an arm round me.

"You will tell me, won't you, Meg? It's the last thing I shall ask of you, I expect. We shall go abroad as soon as we're married, and I don't suppose I shall ever come back to this rotten country again; and a good job for you, too," he said.

Perhaps he was intentionally trying to play on my feelings, I don't know; but, anyway, the tears rose to my eyes.

"Don't talk like that," I said. "And it isn't a rotten country. But all the same, if you're going to be happy . . . Oh, Laurie, I do hope you are, and that she really loves you."

I pulled his head down to me and kissed him.

LAURIE'S FIANCEE.

"COULDN'T I see her?" I asked eagerly.

"Won't you bring her to lunch one day?" He looked faintly uncomfortable.

"Perhaps she wouldn't come," he said. "She probably thinks you'll look down on her if she knows that I'm telling you she is."

"Such nonsense!" I answered eagerly. "I'd love to meet her. When will you bring her? Why not to dinner to-night?"

I had the kind of feeling that he would still have refused her, it being possible, but after a moment he said:

"Oh, very well—thanks! I will."

"I'll be ever so nice to her," I promised him. After all, I said, it matters very little to me if they loved one another? I was sufficiently happy myself to be able to see radiant romance in everything.

"She must be nice to be so fond of her father," I said, trying to please him. "Have you seen the old man, Laurie?"

"No—she's going to take me though, before we're married."

"And you'll come to dinner to-night?" "Yes—if she will."

"You must make her come," I urged him. "Very well. And the money, Meg? You're sure you're not wild with me about it?"

"Quite sure. I'll give you more than that to know that you were really happy."

"Dear, old girl!" I stood on tiptoe and kissed him again.

"Laurie, I'll give it to her myself to-night—for a wedding present," I promised.

I was really quite excited at the idea of meeting the girl who was to be his wife. The circumstances were all so thoroughly romantic. I arranged with Mary for a very special little dinner, and I bought a lot of flowers with which to make the table and the drawing-room pretty.

And they came punctually. I was wearing my most simple dinner frock—a black velvet. Mary had wanted me to put on something more lavish, but I was not sure whether Isabel Farrow would be able to afford anything even as good as that, which only shows my ignorance, for she came dressed like a little peacock, in a frock that was only fit for the stage, and with gold slippers and a too-roughed face.

My heart sank as Laurie introduced us. Was he blind, I wondered, that he could not see how hopelessly common she was?

Then I reproached myself for my swift judgment of her. Perhaps her heart was of gold as well as her slippers. Perhaps she was really all that she had claimed for her.

She spoke very little, but her big dark eyes stared round the room and at me with a queer sort of expression in them, and after dinner, when we were alone for a few moments, I went up to her and impulsively took her hand, and I said—

"I do hope we shall be friends, and I do hope you and Laurie will be very happy—he loves you very much."

She laughed uncomfortably and flushed beneath her rouge.

"Oh, yes, he loves me all right," she said, rather contemptuously, I thought, and moved away as if she did not wish to continue the conversation; but I persisted.

"And when are you to be married?" I asked. She kept her eyes cast down as she answered me—

"I'm not sure. Laurie says soon, but I'm not sure."

"I suppose you are sorry to have to leave your father," I said. "Laurie told me how fond you are of him."

She did not answer that at all, and I looked at her in vague discomfort. She was certainly very pretty in a flashy way. Her eyes would have been beautiful but for their hardness of

expression, and I thought, though perhaps it was lack of generosity, that she looked much older than one-and-twenty.

I went across the room and took the cheque which I had made out to her from my desk.

"Here is my wedding present," I said, and slipped it into her hand.

She looked down at it in silence, then up at me, and there was a curious look of anger in her long-lashed eyes.

"I wonder what you really think of me—in your heart?" she said.

There was a little choky feeling in my throat, for she spoke quite pathetically, and with sudden impulse I stooped and kissed her.

"I think you are going to make Laurie very happy," I said.

She did not answer, but, to my utter amazement, big tears welled into her eyes, and I had the curious feeling that there was something she would have told me had not Laurie come into the room at that moment.

She turned away at once, dabbing her eyes with a much-scented handkerchief, and afterwards lavishly powdering her face, and I saw her tuck my luckless cheque into the last bodice of her frock.

It was a difficult evening. Conversation was uphill work, and I was thankful when it was time for them to go.

The first thing I did when I had shut the front door behind them was to open all the drawing-room windows wide—the smell of perfume was almost more than I could stand—then I laughed at myself. What a good thing it was we did not all care for the same people, I thought. And then I shed a few tears, realising how differently I had pictured the woman whom I had hoped some day Laurie would marry.

I could only hope that they would be happy. Judging by the way in which poor Laurie looked at her he adored the very ground she trod. Or was it merely infatuation?

Mary came in to tidy the room. I had told her that my brother was bringing his future wife to lunch, and I wondered what she had thought of Isabel Farrow.

I noticed that she avoided looking at me as she moved about putting the chairs into place, till at last I was driven to say—

"Well, Mary?" She looked at me then and flushed in distress, and with a sudden burst of overwhelming grief, I said with a sob—

"Yes—just it perfectly—awful!" Mary shook her head.

"It's a good thing we don't all choose alike, m'am," she said. "Everyone to his taste, as the saying is."

But it was not much comfort to me, and lying away in my room that night, I wondered miserably how such a marriage could end, and if I

had done the right thing by advancing that money to assist them. I wondered what Isabel's father was like—Laurie's father-in-law—and again the words rose to my lips: "How awful! How perfectly awful!"

No wonder he was going to take her abroad. It would be just a shade or two better than living with her in England.

What would Jeffry think of it, I wondered. And then my thoughts came back to my own trouble still lying before me, and I wished it were over and the past well left behind me.

The two days since Jeffry went away had dragged terribly; but perhaps to-morrow he would be back again. Though I longed to see him unspeakably, yet I dreaded it too, when so much was at stake.

"Perhaps to-morrow I shall see him," was my last thought as I fell asleep that night, and when I woke in the morning my first thought was: "Shall I see him to-day?"

But there was no letter for me when the post came; no message during the morning, though he had been gone three days!

Supposing I never saw him again! I began to torture myself with extravagant imaginings. Supposing something happened to the train that was bringing him home! Supposing he realised after all that he did not really care for me!

By evening I had worked myself up into a fine state of nerves. I did not know how I could endure another day of suspense.

I had no address to which I could write, as he had said he should be moving on all the time, and there would be no time for a letter to reach him; and that fact seemed to separate us so definitely.

Mary made me angry by asking if I was dining alone that night.

I answered her sharply for the first time in my life, I think.

"Of course, I am! Who do you think would be coming?"

But even as I spoke there was a knock at the door and the blood rushed to my face in a flood of passionate joy.

It was Jeffry, of course! I felt sure of that. He had come unexpectedly to surprise me. I rushed to the door and opened it.

A moment and my happiness would be complete—a moment . . . I stopped dead with a stifled cry of disappointment, for it was Leslie Stafford who stood there and not my husband.

Another fine instalment will appear to-morrow.

The Ideal 'After-Dinner' Sweet—but delicious at any time.

Pascall's CRÈME DE MENTHE

(NON-ALCOHOLIC)

Pascall Crème de Menthe, immediately after a meal is simply delicious, it cleanses the palate, is deliciously refreshing, and is a good wholesome digestive.

British made. Refuse imitations.

1/4 & 2/6 tins. Of Confectioners everywhere.

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Toothsome food is worthless if it fail to nourish. We must make our food not merely good to taste but nourishing to the body.

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"ATORA"

Refined BEEF SUET.

296 Sole Manufacturers: HUGON & CO., LTD., MANCHESTER.

The Magic Art of Beauty Culture.

SOME HOME RECIPES.

By MIMOSA.

A complexion that appears clear, fresh and natural, is as necessary to the smart woman as a modish gown. More attention should be given to keeping the skin "fit" than to the details of dress. The face, constantly exposed to wind, dust, fatigue and strain requires regular and watchful care. One great cause of complexion troubles is the frequent use of greasy, inactive preparations which clog the pores and prevent the natural throwing off of waste matter. My repeated advice is to avoid made-up cosmetics and to use only pure ingredients. The various aids to beauty which I recommend are simple, and if not already at hand, can be procured from any reliable chemist. If he has not what you require, he can easily obtain it for you. Only let me advise you to insist on having the original ingredients and not to accept some made-up preparation instead.

About Shampoos.—To quote an eminent London beauty specialist: "The slimy egg cannot dissolve the scalp impurities, but only adds to the trouble by completely choking the pores with animal matter." The substance sticks, decomposes, thereby causing the hair to turn a dull, "dull colour." I heartily endorse every word. Avoid eggs (and soap too) on your hair. Try the delightful preparation made by stirring a teaspoonful of starch in a cup of hot water. It will bring out new beauty possibilities in your hair, will clear and prevent dandruff, and leave that fine fluffy effect so much sought after. It also removes excess oil or greasiness.

Complexion Secrets of an Actress.—In a recently issued volume bearing the above title, the author says: "Continual use of grease paints, rouge and the like, has ruined my complexion. My skin was colourless, wrinkled, coarse and punctured with large pores. In America I heard of the virtues of mercurised wax; my first experience with this marvelous substance convinced me it was more valuable than all the cosmetics combined. Now, whenever my complexion begins to go wrong, I get a small quantity of mercurised wax at the chemist's, spread on a thin layer of the before retiring, washing off the morning. The wax, after a few such applications, seems literally to absorb the worn-out cuticle, when a brighter, healthier, younger-looking skin appears.

Face Fuzz.—Many women know how to remove superfluous hair temporarily, but to banish it for ever is quite another matter. As regards depilatories, I must say that there are very few good ones. They nearly all irritate the skin and even then only give temporary relief. Powdered phenol acts in a wonderful manner, and the recommended treatment is designed not only to immediately remove the ugly hairs, but also to permanently destroy the roots.

Scanty Eyebrows and Lashes.—What a wealth of expression can be given to an otherwise plain face, by fine arching eyebrows, and long curling lashes. Much care should be exercised, however, in choosing a method for promoting the growth of either, as it is practically impossible to keep the lids tightly closed when treating the lashes. Mennaline has the advantage of being perfectly harmless, and at the same time a healthy stimulant to the hair follicles. Its use tends to darken the new growth which presumably is what most women desire.

Is Powder Necessary?—I say emphatically, No! There is a simple lotion which can be easily and cheaply made at home, and it is at the same time both effective and beneficial to the complexion. Clemintine is a splendid substitute for face powder, which is at the bottom of many complexion troubles. Get about an ounce from the chemist's, and dissolve in four ounces of water. The result is a fine, clear liquid, which instantly gives the face, neck, or arms that peach-like bloom of perfect health. There is nothing so equal to it for greasy skin, and the result lasts all day long under the most trying conditions. Try it for the next dance.

Falling Hair.—How often one hears the lament, "I have tried everything on the market, and my hair comes out in handfuls." Not so surprising either when you come to think over. Hair tonics to be effective must be fresh, and there is no earthly reason why every woman should not make her own lotion at home. The finest vegetable tone I know of is made by mixing a packet of boraxum with a pint of bay rum and adding sufficient water to fill a half-pint bottle. This lotion rubbed briskly into the scalp sets the hair roots tingling with new life, and will, if persevered with, give you back your "crowning glory."

For Pale Faces.—Some folks are naturally pale, and I see no harm whatever in adding a little colour to the cheeks if so desired. Rouge, however, is always obvious, and to people of refinement somewhat vulgar. There is a substance, however, known as powdered collagen, which gives a perfectly natural colour, and at the same time defies detection. Apply a little with the finger tips. You will be pleased with the result, I feel sure.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY. (Adv.)

Fashions from Paris

THE VOGUE FOR WOOL EMBROIDERY.



For semi-evening and afternoon occasions is this simple gown of jade woolback satin.

TRICOLETTE promises to be a favourite material for spring gowns and costumes. Tinsel and worsted embroidery is a popular type of trimming. High-relief embroidery, such as tan on navy tricolette and the other wool materials is a prominent note in the new spring modes.

FINE PIN TUCKS

are the simple method of adornment used on many of the afternoon and evening gowns of taffeta, nylon, georgette and other light materials. Designed to form squares, or diamonds, they give a touch of distinction to hem, sleeves and neck.

AN ACCORDION-pleated tunic

made smart an afternoon gown of black taffeta worn at a Paris dress. A touch of youthfulness was given by the collar and cuffs of crisp organdie and the tasselled girdle.

VELOUR-FINISHED

wool jersey cloth was the material which a pretty Parisienne has chosen for her spring wrap coat. Made with a half-length sack coat back, the lower portions are adorned with motifs of wool in contrasting shades of lemon and blue.

MARJORIE.



This cloak of putty-coloured duvety is charmingly finished with a two-tiered collar and a simple yoke from which the barrel-shaped lower portion hangs in graceful folds.



UNCLE DICK'S LETTER.

Daily Mirror Office, Jan. 19.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,
"You are very lazy, Uncle, lately. You write us an awfully little letter every day!" Thus, one of my nine-year-old nephews. Well, Jim, I'm awfully sorry, but—you can see for yourself—how can I write a longer letter? As I go on like this the space for the story gets shorter and shorter and—["Halt!"—S.M. Printer.]

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.



LOST IN THE JUNGLE

No. 13.—Boys Capture a Pigmy Savage.
FOLLOWING the adventure with the porcupine—poor Noho had several sharp quills to pull out of his leg—the boys decided to have a close search of the forest land round the camp. That weird cry they heard the previous night—what was it? Were there really hordes of savages near by, watching them, waiting for an opportunity to surround and capture them? With two native carriers, carrying loaded

PIP AND SQUEAK AS "GOBLIN-HUNTERS": A POOR SHOW.



Visiting an old castle said to be "haunted" by goblins (of course, as you know, there aren't any goblins or bogies these days), my pets were terrified by a cat chasing a mouse!

HEALTHY WOMEN

most wear "healthy" corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they really improve the health.

THE CORSET OF HEALTH.

The Natural Ease Corset Style 2.

9/11 pair

Postage abroad extra.

Complete with Special Detachable Suspensers.

Stocked in all sizes from 20 to 30. Made in finest quality Drift.

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST
No bones or steels to drag, hurt, or break.

No lacing at the back. Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality, with special suspensers, detachable for washing purposes.

It is laced at the sides with elastic cord to expand freely with breathing.

It is fitted with adjustable shoulder straps. It has a short (8 inch) bust in front which ensures a perfect shape, and is fastened at the top and bottom with non-rusting Hooks and Eyes.

It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.

The History of the Health Corset may be set out in a few lines. It is founded on Science, improved by Experience and beautified by Art: its perfection is the result of the co-operation of the Artist and the Expert.

These Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, etc., as there is nothing to hurt or break. Singers, Actresses, and Journalists will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially housewives, and those employed in occupations demanding constant movement, appreciate the Natural Ease Corset. They yield freely to every movement of the body, and whilst giving beauty of figure are the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

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A sample of Zee-Kol Ointment will be sent absolutely free. Send no postage. If a large Free sample of Zee-Kol Medicated Soap is also required please address: J.D. for post free, Wingo & Co., Marine, Gt. Dept. 3, 39, Mitchell-street, London, E.C.4. Further supplies obtainable at all Chemists, including Boots Cash Chemists, J.D. & Co., etc., at 3d. and 6d. per box. Zee-Kol Medicated Soap, 1s. 3d. per tablet, or box of 3 for 3s. 6d.

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The B.S.A. Cycles, Ltd., Birmingham.

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Repayable at Par on the 1st February, 1925.

Bearing Interest from the date of purchase at £5½ per Cent. per annum, payable Half-Yearly, on the 1st February and 1st August.

Price of Issue fixed by H.M. Treasury at £100 per Cent.
Payable on Application.

The GOVERNOR and COMPANY of the BANK OF ENGLAND are authorised by the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury to receive applications for the above Bonds.

The Principal and Interest of the Bonds are chargeable on the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom.

The Bonds will be repayable at par on the 1st February, 1925, but a holder of Bonds of this issue may give notice during the month of January in either of the years 1921, 1922 or 1923 requiring repayment of the Bonds at par on the 1st February in the year next succeeding that in which such notice is given. Under no circumstances may notice once given be subsequently withdrawn.

Bonds of this issue, and the interest payable from time to time in respect thereof, will be exempt from all British taxation, present or future, if it is shown in the manner directed by the Treasury that they are in the beneficial ownership of a person who is neither domiciled nor ordinarily resident in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Further, the interest payable from time to time in respect of Bonds of this issue will be exempt from British Income Tax, present or future, if it is shown in the manner directed by the Treasury that the Bonds are in the beneficial ownership of a person who is not ordinarily resident in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, without regard to the question of domicile. Where such a Bond is in the beneficial ownership of a person entitled to exemption under these provisions, the relative Coupons will be paid without deduction for Income Tax or other taxes, if accompanied by a declaration of ownership in such form as may be required by the Treasury.

The Bonds will be issued in denominations of £50, £100, £200, £500, £1,000 and £5,000, and may be registered free of cost in the Books of the Bank of England, or of the Bank of Ireland, as

1. Transferable in the Bank Transfer Books, or
2. Transferable by Deed.

Allotments may be obtained in Registered Form or in Bonds to Bearer at the option of the applicant. Holdings of Registered Bonds, which will be transferable in any sums which are multiples of a penny, may be reconverted at any time in whole or in part (in multiples of £50) into Bonds to Bearer with Coupons attached.

Interest on the Bonds will be payable Half-Yearly on the 1st February and 1st August, the first dividend, payable 1st August, 1920, representing interest on the date on which the application is lodged and payment made for the Bond at any office of one of the Banks hereafter mentioned. (Thus the first dividend in respect of a Bond applied for during January will represent interest for a period exceeding a full year.)

Dividend Warrants in respect of registered holdings will be forwarded by post. In the case of allotments of registered holdings warrants for the first dividend, payable 1st August, 1920, will be forwarded in all cases to the original allottees or their nominees. Dividends on Bonds to Bearer will be payable by Cheque.

Applications for Bonds, which must in every case be accompanied by payment of the full amount payable in respect of the Bonds applied for, may be lodged at any office of the following Banks at any time at which such offices are open for business, viz.:

Bank of England.
Bank of Ireland.
Bank of Liverpool and Martin's, Ltd.
Bank of Scotland.
Barclays Bank, Ltd.
Heclett and Co.
Midland Banking Co., Ltd.
British Linen Bank.
Child and Co.
Clydebank Bank, Ltd.
Commercial Bank of Scotland, Ltd.
Danks and Co.
Cox and Co.
Dunlop and Co.
Dunlop and Co.
Drummonds.
Equitable Bank, Ltd.
Fyfe, Fowler and Co.
Glyn, Mills, Currie and Co.
Grindley and Co.
Guernsey Banking Co., Ltd.
Guernsey Commercial Banking Co., Ltd.
Guinness, Mahon and Co.
Huntner and Co.
Hibernian Bank, Ltd.
Hoares.
Hoares and Co.

Bank of Man Banking Co., Ltd.
Lancashire and Yorkshire Bank, Ltd.
Lloyds Bank, Ltd.
National Bank of Westminster and Parr's Bank, Ltd.
London Joint City and Midland Bank, Ltd.
McGrigor, Sir C. B., & Co.
Manchester and County Bank, Ltd.
Manchester and Liverpool District Banking Co., Ltd.
Merchants Bank of Scotland, Ltd.
Munster and Limerick Bank, Ltd.
National Bank, Ltd.
National Bank of Scotland, Ltd.
National Provincial and Union Bank of England, Ltd.
North of Scotland and Bank of County Bank, Ltd.
Northamptonshire Union Bank, Ltd.
Northern Banking Co., Ltd.
Northumberland and County Bank, Ltd.
Royal Bank of Ireland, Ltd.
Royal Bank of Scotland, Ltd.
Shillon Cooke and Co.
Swell and Sons.
Tait and Co.
Ulster Bank, Ltd.
Ulster Bank of Manchester, Ltd.
Ulster Bank of Scotland, Ltd.
Williams Deacon's Bank, Ltd.
Yorkshire Penny Bank, Ltd.

or they may be forwarded by post to the Bank of England Loans Office, 5 and 6, Lombard-street, E.C.3.

CONVERSION OF

£6 per Cent. Exchequer Bonds due 16th February, 1920.

*£3 per Cent. Exchequer Bonds due 24th March, 1920.

*£5 per Cent. Exchequer Bonds due 1st December, 1920.

Holders of the above issues may surrender their holdings and receive in exchange therefor similar holdings of like amounts of Bonds of the present issue.

Registered holdings may be surrendered in whole or in part in sums which are multiples of £5; a Bearer Bond will only be convertible as to the whole amount represented by such Bond.

Holders of registered holdings of £6 per Cent. Exchequer Bonds, 1920, and £5 per Cent. Exchequer Bonds, 1920, who desire to convert their holdings must give notice to the Bank of England in the prescribed form not later than Saturday, 14th February, 1920. Holders of Bearer Bonds of all three issues must lodge their Bonds at the Bank of England Loans Office on or before the same date. Application forms for the conversion of registered holdings have been forwarded to all holders (in the case of joint accounts to the first holder).

1.—Conversion of £6 per Cent. Exchequer Bonds, 1920.

The £5½ per Cent. Exchequer Bonds, 1925, issued in exchange for £6 per Cent. Exchequer Bonds, 1920, will carry a full half-year's dividend, payable 1st August, 1920; and the full half-year's dividend, due the 16th February, 1920, will be paid in respect of the £6 per Cent. Exchequer Bonds surrendered.

2.—Conversion of £3 per Cent. Exchequer Bonds, 1920.

The £5½ per Cent. Exchequer Bonds, 1925, issued in exchange for £3 per Cent. Exchequer Bonds, 1920, will carry a dividend, payable 1st August, 1920, representing interest to that date from the 17th March, 1920; and the full half-year's dividend, due 24th March, 1920, will be paid in respect of the £3 per Cent. Exchequer Bonds surrendered.

3.—Conversion of £5 per Cent. Exchequer Bonds, 1920.

The £5½ per Cent. Exchequer Bonds, 1925, issued in exchange for £5 per Cent. Exchequer Bonds, 1920, will carry a dividend payable 1st August, 1920, representing interest to that date from the 17th May, 1920; and the full half-year's dividend due 1st June, 1920, will be paid in respect of the £5 per Cent. Exchequer Bonds surrendered.

In the case of registered holdings, the dividends due on holdings converted will in all cases be paid as follows:—

£6 per Cent. Exchequer Bonds, 1920, to the persons in whose names the holdings were registered on the evening of the 16th January, 1920, when the balance for the dividend was struck.

£3 per Cent. Exchequer Bonds, 1920, to the persons in whose names the holdings stood at the time of conversion.

The dividends payable 1st August, 1920, in respect of registered holdings issued in exchange for holdings converted, will in all cases be paid to the persons in whose names the holdings stood at the time of conversion.

Coupons for the dividends due respectively on the 16th February, 1920, 24th March, 1920, and the 1st June, 1920, must be detached from Bearer Bonds prior to such Bonds being lodged for conversion.

N.B.—Applications for conversion of Bonds registered in the Books of the Bank of Ireland should be forwarded to the Bank of Ireland, Dublin.

Bonds issued by the General Post Office will not be convertible at the Bank of England. They will be convertible at the General Post Office under the arrangements set forth in the separate Prospectus issued by H.M. Postmaster-General.

A commission of one-eighth per cent. will be allowed to Bankers, Stockbrokers and Financial Houses on allotments made in respect of both cash and conversion applications bearing their stamp.

Applications must be made upon the printed forms which may be obtained, together with copies of this Prospectus, at the Bank of England; at the Bank of Ireland; of Messrs. Mullens, Marshall and Co., 13, George-street, Mansion House, E.C.4; and at any Bank, Money Order Office, or Stock Exchange in the United Kingdom.

The List for Conversion Applications will close on Saturday, the 14th February, 1920. The List for Cash Applications will close on or before Saturday, the 25th February, 1920.

* There are no registered holdings of Bonds of this issue.

BANK OF ENGLAND, LONDON.

19th January, 1920.

BEAUTY from OXYGEN

EACH time you use Ven-Yusa, the famous oxygen face cream, your skin gets an "oxygen bath." As a result, your complexion takes on a new lease of youth and acquires a charming freshness. Ven-Yusa contains no mineralised water or other deleterious matter. It is pure, wholesome and fragrant.

Ven-Yusa retains all its pre-war excellence and, though it costs more now to produce, it is still retailed, owing to its tremendous sale, at 1/- per jar. Ven-Yusa is the only popular shilling face cream.

VEN-YUSA
The Oxygen Face Cream

PERSONAL.

IRIS.—Coming 26. 7 p.m.—Scenarap.

TO J. S. M.—Please see me soon, and let me tell you how sorry I am about it all; had we both understood we would never have hurt each other as we have done—A. SLEEPLESSNESS.—Suffers from this distressing complaint are advised to write today to "Odds On" Specifics Co., Ltd., 26, Cocklane, London, E.C.6, and ask for P.O. 1st, 6d. for 14 days' supply of "Odds On" Insomnia Cure. Nature's own remedy, perfectly harmless and absolutely reliable. "Peaceful rest and better health is assured to all taking this advice."

TRUNKS and suit cases, strong second-hand, in leather or canvas; lined-lined trunks for the Colonies wardrobe trunks; all sizes at pre-war prices—Anglo-American Trunk Association (manufacturers), 31 Strand, W.C. (opposite Charing Cross Hospital), and 112, Southampton-ROSE (next door to post office).

SUPERFLUOUS Hair permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Granville-gardens, Shepherd's Bush, E. 2.

CHILBLAINS.—Instant relief—Ambrine Candies, 1s. 3d.; all chemists or pharmacists.—48, Mortimer-street, W. 1.

BOILS, Acne, etc.—Stannoyl Tablets, 5s.; all chemists or pharmacists.—48, Mortimer-street, W. 1.

COMPLEXIONS Permanently Tinted.—Burchett, 72, Waterloo-road, London.

BETTER buy "Beehive Boots" and have the Best!

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ABELPHI.—"WHO'S HOOPER?" W. H. BERRY. To-night at 8. Wed. Sat. at 8. (Ger. 2645).

ALDWYCH.—To-night, 8.15. SACRED and PROPANE. Apply Star Academy, 19, Strand, Green-road, Finsbury Park, N. 4 (opposite King Cinema).

ALHAMBRA.—ADA REVE. MEDORAH. To-night and Night, 8 p.m. First Mat. Thurs. 2.15.

AMBASSADORS.—Eves. at 8.15. "SYLVIA'S LOVERS." Matinees, Tuesday and Saturday, at 2.30. (Ger. 4460).

ANDER.—TUE DAILY at 1.30 and 7.30. Boucher. Aspernwood. Eves. 8. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

CRITIC.—To-night, 8.15. "THE VOICE FROM THE MINARET." Mats. Weds and Sat. 2.15.

DAY.—To-night, 8.15. "THE VOICE FROM THE MINARET." Mats. Weds and Sat. 2.15.

DUKE OF YORK.—2.30, 8.30. ROBERT LOHRNE in "THE VOICE FROM THE MINARET." Mats. Weds and Sat. 2.15.

LYON.—Eves. 8.15. "THE VOICE FROM THE MINARET." Mats. Weds and Sat. 2.15.

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PRINCES.—8.15. Tril by Jury and H.M.S. Pinafire. To-morrow, Mat. 2.30. H.M.S. Pinafire; Evg. Patience.

QUEEN'S.—Last Week of "THE CINDERELLA MAN." Eves. 8.15. Mats. Thurs and Sat. at 2.30.

QUEEN'S HALL.—Today, Wed and Fri. 2.30 and 8.30; Th. 2.30. Lowell Thomas. "With Allenby in Palestine."

ROYALTY.—Last 5 Days. CHARLEY'S AUNT. TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8. Gerard 3855.

ST. JAMES.—Helen. Alina. To-night, 8. "JULIUS CÆSAR." Nightly, at 8. Matinees, Wed and Sat. 2.30.

ST. MARTIN'S.—Wed next and Nightly, 8.30. Sir Frank Benson in POMPEY THE GREAT. First Mat. Sat. 8.30.

SAVOY.—To-night, 8.15. "TIGER ROSE." Mat. 2.30. Campbell as "Tiger Rose." Mats, Mon, Wed and Sat.

SCALA.—Last week of "FIREBALL," a Musical Fantasy. Mats. Daily at 2. Also Thurs and Sat Eves. at 8.

SHAFESBURY.—(Gerard 6668.) Eves. 8. Matinees, Wed and Sat. 2.15. BABY BUNTING. Musical Play.

STRAND.—Nightly, at 8.30. "THE CRIMSON ALIBI." Kyril Bellew. A. E. George. Evg. Wed, Sat. 8.30.

VAUDEVILLE.—Nelson Keys in New Edition "BUZZ BUZZ." Evg. 8.15. Mats. Thurs, Sat. 2.30.

VICTORIA PALACE.—Today and Daily, at 2.30. WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS. Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.

WINDHAM'S.—Nightly, at 8.15. Gerald du Maurier in "THE CHOICE." By Alfred Sudo. Mat. Wed. Sat. 2.30.

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Daily Mirror

Tuesday, January 20, 1920.

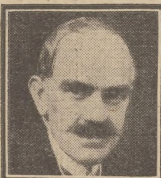
TWO WARD ALDERMAN.



Mrs. Tom Clarke, whose husband was executed, was recently adopted alderman for two Dublin wards. Mrs. Clarke, who says hard work is her hobby, is seen with a dog which strayed into her house on Christmas Eve.



Representatives of Allied and neutral nations in conference at the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. (A) M. Venizelos, Greece; (B) Don da Cunha, Brazil; (C) Mr. Matsui, Japan; (D) Earl Curzon of Kedleston, Great Britain; (E) M. Leon Bourgeois, France; (F) M. Paul Hymans, Belgium; (G) Signor Le Leon, Spain.



Mr. James Parker, M.P. for Cannock, has declined to accept the Labour Party's programme. Mr. Adamson has been elected.



The Rev. Dr. Isaac Gregory Smith, poet and clergyman, who has died at Wilkes. Many feel that he did not receive the recognition he deserved.



Mr. Buxton (left) on the way to the mortuary.



FATAL RACE.—F. Cullen, the cross-country jockey, who has died as the result of injuries he sustained when Hilarius fell at Hurst Park.



Boarding up the Cenotaph prior to its removal.



"THE GLORIOUS DEAD."—The first step to removing the Cenotaph from its present site in Whitehall was taken yesterday. The wreaths will remain till the last moment.



The Cross Keys was a centre of interest yesterday.

A SAD DUTY.—Mr. Buxton visited the mortuary yesterday to identify the body of his wife, who was found murdered at the Cross Keys, Chelsea. — (Daily Mirror photographs.)